

THANKSGIVING
NUMBER

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THE VEGETARIAN'S SON

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LIFE

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"PERFECT FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW"

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next rainy day they will be prepared for wet, slippery asphalt and treacherous mud—their tires will be equipped with *the only positive safeguard against skidding—*

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They all use Weed Chains to save lives and property. They do it to save themselves from damage suits. They know how often skidding causes disastrous accidents and how much it costs to repair the damage. They all know, through experience, that there is no substitute for Weed Chains.

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*Aeolian-Vocalian. Style E. \$50
Cabinet models from \$35 upward*



*Aeolian-Vocalion. Style G. \$100
Models of this character in various sizes
from \$75 upward*



*Aeolian-Vocation
Style L. \$375
One of the regular stock models
of distinctive and beau-
tiful design
Aeolian-Vocations may be
obtained in a variety of
Art and Period models*

I went to buy a phonograph— I found one -- and some- thing infinitely greater.

BEFORE I purchased I looked at many phonographs. Fine instruments though some of them were, the differences seemed trifling. All looked alike. In playing, one did, perhaps a little better with instrumental music; another gave a shade more perfect reproduction of the human voice.

And then, at last, my quest led me to the *new phonograph*—and all the others faded from my mind.

It was a very beautiful instrument to look at — this new phonograph. Character and distinction showed in every line; in its rare depth of finish was suggested the richness of old mahogany.

A record was put in and I heard sounds I never dreamed the phonograph could reproduce. Sweet, full richness of tone, vibrant with the very quality of *life*. Deep voices of the orchestra other phonographs had but meagrely portrayed. Delicate tonal-tints that marked the subtle difference of instrument and instrument. All untinged with any hint of phonographic stridency.

The demonstrator asked me if I wished to play it? What could he mean? How could one *play* a phonograph?

And then a miracle of music happened. I became the most talented and versatile musician the wildest flight of imagination could picture.

I played the flute—and reveled in the joy of expressing my inmost music-feeling in its liquid, mellow tone.

I played the violin—and all the wistful string-beauty of that wizard instrument responded to my mood and wish.

I played the French horn, the clarinet, the 'cello. I whistled. I even sang—first with a full-throated baritone, and then with a marvellous and bell-like tenor.

Did I *really* do these things? No! But that wonderful phonograph did them *under my control*: so utterly, so completely reflecting my spirit, that the joy was close akin to actual production—as though I myself were sounding the very notes.

And so I found the new phonograph that gave to me, at last, the means to voice the latent music-instinct of my soul.

The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

"THE NEW PHONOGRAPH THAT MAKES YOU AN ARTIST"

NEW and EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

The Aeolian-Vocalion is a phonograph—but a phonograph possessing such revolutionary features that it is virtually a *new type of musical instrument*.

The one that has been described is unique, unprecedented. It gives to the phonograph a charm and added interest hitherto not even suggested in other instruments.

The Graduola

This is the name of this new feature—the most important musical invention since the phonograph itself was patented.

The Graduola is a device for tone-control. Its operation is as simple as the opening and closing of one's hand. It enables one to shade the tone—now reducing it to the softest whisper, now swelling it to full fortissimo.

It does not change the technique of a record, its tempo or the spirit of it. But it does permit one to introduce the thousand subtle variations of tone-color that an artist himself changes in each performance.

And it gives a new quality of *livingness* to records, and enables one to take a personal part in their rendition.

It should be understood that while the Graduola is the first device that satisfactorily governs tone-volume and as such is of supreme musical value to the phonograph, it is not *arbitrary*. That is, it may be used or ignored at will. There are, perhaps, records one might never wish to change. In that case, the Aeolian-Vocalion plays them without variation, just as other phonographs do.

The New Sound-Box

As the result of recent scientific discoveries and new inventions, the Aeolian-Vocalion is equipped with a Sound-Box far superior to any hitherto used. This Sound-Box produces an entirely new character and quality of phonograph tone.

Instead of having the usual thin, nasal phonograph tone, the Aeolian-Vocalion tone is full, rich and mellow.

The lower tones of different instruments, and indeed the deep-voiced instruments themselves, like the tuba, for example, are for the first time suitably reproduced by this new Sound-Box.

The Symphonetic Horn

This is another new feature that is the result of laborious acoustical research and experiment. Its superiority in design and composition result in amplifying tones without giving them stridency or changing their character.

Due to this patented Horn, all the delicate distinctions between instruments are preserved.

Even when a full orchestra is playing, one can distinguish the different voices. The strings, the horns, the wood-winds and the brasses are true to life. While the relation between upper and lower tones are so perfectly maintained as to give an entirely new "balance" to the performance.

Other Features

Among other important and exclusive features, two may be mentioned. These are :

The Automatic Stop—which is the most simple and efficient yet devised. Two movements, simultaneously performed, start the record revolving and "set" it to stop at the end or at any place in the piece desired.

Improved Appearance—The Aeolian-Vocalion sets an entirely new standard of design and finish for phonographs.

Even the least expensive "regular" models are the creations of artist-designers and convey a distinct impression of grace and dignity.

The costlier models and the "Period" and "Art" cases are on a par with the finest examples of modern designing.

Also, all models are finished in finest woods, with a depth of color and beauty of grain hitherto confined to expensive pianos.

Where to Hear the Aeolian-Vocalion

Though introduced less than a year ago, the Aeolian-Vocalion has already scored one of the most remarkable successes ever achieved by a musical instrument. Its output and representation are still comparatively limited, however. We will be very glad to notify all who write where they may find it on exhibition, and will also send them a free catalog giving prices and other particulars and containing a most interesting explanation of how the phonograph reproduces sound.

Prices for Regular Styles from \$35 to \$375. Special "Art" models from \$400 upwards. Exclusive cases designed and executed to order.

Address Dept. B 11

**THE AEOLIAN COMPANY
AEOLIAN HALL NEW YORK**

Makers of the famous Pianola—largest manufacturers of musical instruments in the world



*Aeolian-Vocalion
Style K. \$300*
Models of this character in various sizes from \$250 upward



*Art-Vocalion Style VK
Early English, Grey Oak or Jacobean Oak*



*Art-Vocalion
Style QK
Sheraton*
*Mahogany with
Satinwood inlay
or Satinwood Painted*
*Special cases to correspond
with any interior will be
designed and executed to
order*



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See the picture above.
 It is a Christmas card.
 It is sent out from this office as the announcement
 of a Christmas gift.
 Printed in colors.
 Reaches your happy friend just before Christmas.
 You send the money to us for the subscription, and
 be sure to state it is for Christmas, so we may not
 start it too soon. We do the rest.
 Saves your shopping.
 Just what your friend wants.
 Now is the time to do your Christmas subscribing.
 Obey that impulse.

One Year \$5.00. (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04.)

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 lar (Canadian
 \$1.13, Foreign
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 for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no sub-
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LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

13

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Born 1820
—Still going strong.



Host: "JOHNNIE WALKER, PLEASE, AND MAKE SURE THIS TIME THAT THE NON-REFILLABLE FITMENT IS INTACT.
THE LAST TIME IT WAS CUT OFF."

Friend: "YOU ARE VERY PARTICULAR."

Host: "WHEN YOU HAVE TRIED 'JOHNNIE WALKER' FROM THE NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE, YOU WILL REALISE THAT
TO BE PARTICULAR IS WORTH WHILE."

It is a satisfaction for you to know positively that "Johnnie Walker" Red Label always has been and always
will be kept fully up to its guaranteed age.

Every drop of Red Label is over 10 years old before released from bond. The "non-refillable" does the rest.

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*T*here is no reason why the normal American should feel in awe of stores such as ours merely because we are called "exclusive."

A thousand dollar diamond does not lessen our regard for a two dollar piece of silver across the aisle, and it need not yours.

The only aristocracy we acknowledge is that of good taste.

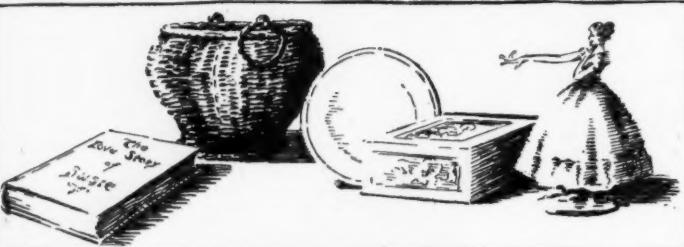
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ESTABLISHED 1824

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Sterling Silver, Diamonds, Gold Jewelry,
Clocks, Watches, Leather Goods,
Stationery, Canes, Umbrellas



No—no—no—no!

Don't rush out and buy this kind of foolish little thoughtless gift for the friend you value.

Has she a *regular* brain?

Is she fond of the more intellectual pursuits?

Then don't insult her with a silly little ornament or a sticky novel of the slushy loves of impossible people.

\$3.50 will send her the Theatre Magazine for 12 months, starting with the Xmas issue, and in addition the November number, which has in it the cleverest article ever written on the clothes of Stage women—thirteen numbers in all for the price of twelve.

Alan Dale has written one concentrated sarcasm directed at women and their clothes in the November issue.

While it knocks foolish dressing—it betrays the origin of style. She will appreciate this *particularly*.

Send money-order or check with your directions for mailing to

The Theatre Magazine

12 West 38th Street

Dept. A

New York City

The "Theatre" never works in bits—it covers its subject from the box office to the back of the stage.



PINEHURST N O R T H C A R O L I N A

CAROLINA HOTEL and Cottages open
for the Season NOVEMBER 10th, 1915

Golf The 3 eighteen-hole courses are augmented this year by the new nine-hole course which will be open for play. The fairways have been greatly improved during the summer.

Tennis The clay tennis courts at Pinehurst are famous both among professionals and amateurs for their excellence.

Livery The large stable of saddle and driving horses will be under the direct supervision of the General Office this year.

Trap Shooting Every facility provided for trap shooting, one of the largest equipments in America being located here. 4,000 acre private shooting preserve. Guides, trained dogs and shooting wagons to be had by day or week.

Motoring Excellent new roads for fifty miles in every direction from Pinehurst enable the motorist to enjoy this form of recreation.

No consumptives are received at Pinehurst

Through Pullman service from New York via Seaboard Air Line Railroad. Only one night from New York, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. Send for illustrated booklet giving full information.

Pinehurst Office, Pinehurst, N. C., or Leonard Tufts, 282 Congress St., Boston, Mass.



"WHO IS THAT WOMAN STANDING BY THE TABLE?"

"SHE IS A MRS. WRIGHT, OF CHICAGO."

"I WOULD RATHER BE WRIGHT THAN BE PRESIDENT."

INDIVIDUALITY IN FOOTWEAR

Style—Quality—Comfort

DISTINCTIVE footwear for women of taste and discrimination.

Smart shoes made to your order to harmonize with your gown, your hat, or your wrap. "Hey That Impulse!" and write today for catalogue "L" showing my exclusive and attractive models.

E. HAYES

Ladies' Fine Custom Shoes
9-11 West 29th St., New YorkNo. 12
Price
\$18.00

All Planned

THE middle-aged American lady whose husband had long moved in a lower sphere, and who was at that period in her existence where she gave literary afternoons, called her college-graduated daughter to her side and said:

"This afternoon, as I understand, we attend the Current Events Club, where Miss Spindleshank Corkery of New York and Washington will give us her brief and cheery synopsis of the principal world events during the last month."

"Yes, mother."

"This evening the Birth Control Association meets at Mrs. Mudhaven's, where I shall read my paper on the Moral Protoplasm."



CHAPS

and rough, dry skins are banished by Pompeian Night Cream. The skin is soothed and softened.

Winds, cold weather, dry climates or approaching age dry up the protective oils of the skin. Thus, beauty is stolen from the face.

Pompeian NIGHT Cream

replenishes the skin and beautifies while you sleep. The expert makers of Pompeian Massage Cream have another big success in Pompeian Night Cream. It is not too dry nor too oily. It is just right, and has the unguents which your skin needs. At the stores, jars 35c and 75c; tubes 25c.

Trial Jar & New Game

sent for 10c. "Going to Market" is a 25c game sent for the cost of postage and packing. Lots of fun for the whole family. Get it with trial jar

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 25 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 37th and 38th Sts., New York

"Society Satin" Undergarments

A New Featherweight, Washable Silk Fabric

Exclusive "Parfait" Models

For Women and Misses



No. 51. "Society Satin" Petticoat, in flesh or white, trimmed with two flounces of Duchesse lace, deep underlay of accordion-pleated chiffon, two rows of satin ribbon under lace flounce, finished with chiffon roses, elastic at waist.
34 to 42 inches... Special 9.75

51-A. "Society Satin" Bodice, in flesh or white, trimmed with two rows of Duchesse lace to match petticoat; flower-trimmed, satin shoulder straps, buttoned back or front, elastic at top and waist.
34 to 44 bust. Special 3.95

No. 53. "Society Satin" Bloomers, in flesh, white or black. Elastic at waist and knee, trimmed with hemstitching, two rows of shirring and ribbon bow at knee. Lengths, 21 to 27 in.
Special 3.95

53-A "Society Satin" Bodice, in flesh, white or black, finely pincuffed, trimmed with hemstitched Georgette crepe band at top, Georgette crepe shoulder straps, picot-edged, elastic at waist, 34 to 44 bust.
Special 2.95

"Yes, mother."

"To-morrow morning the Efficiency Circle will assemble here for its weekly discussion and will be addressed by Professor Von Skintime Closhaven on the Scientific Curtailment of Catnaps."

"Yes, mother."

"To-morrow afternoon the Super-woman's Civic Conference Committee will take up the subject of the Higher

Feminism, and in the evening the Hygienic Sex Sisters will confer with the superintendent of our school system on several ideas for our schools which we have in mind."

"Yes, mother. That brings us up to Thursday. What shall we do on that evening?"

"I thought, my dear, that we would take a night off and go to the movies with your dear father."

Sterling Silverware

The Gorham Company are the largest makers of solid silverware of quality in the world—

Besides possessing intrinsic value, Gorham Silver is noted for beauty and individuality of design, and is accepted as an authoritative expression of the Silversmith's Art in its highest development.

Each piece of Gorham Sterling Silverware, for your protection, bears this distinguishing trade mark

STERLING

TABLE SILVER ~ DINNER SERVICES
TEA and COFFEE SETS ~ TOILET SILVER
and INDIVIDUAL PIECES

of exquisite beauty, are included in the offerings by leading jewelers everywhere.

The assortment is so great that every preference may be suited in pattern and at prices to meet the requirements of every purse.

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NEW YORK
Works ~ Providence and New York

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A Neutral Prayer

HHELP me, O Lord, aside to stand,
While tyrant hosts with ruthless hand,
Invade and wreck a peaceful land.

And help me, Lord, blithe, unafraid,
To gain by others losing trade,
And profit by each murderous raid.

And, Lord, I ask, on bended knee,
That every neutral death at sea
May fully compensated be.

Finally, Lord, when Time has run,
And Death has every victory won,
Help me to say, "Thy will be done."

Will Herford.



"NO, CHILDREN, FATHER FINDS HE CAN'T GO OUT AFTER TURKEY TO-DAY"

Life's Fresh Air Fund, Season 1915

IN making its annual acknowledgment to its readers for their generosity to the children of the poor, LIFE regrets that there is one feature in the statement which it could wish were different. This is the increased cost per child of these fortnights in the fresh air of the country.

This cost has nearly doubled in the thirty years since the establishment of LIFE's Fresh Air Fund. The increase is not caused by overhead expenses nor extravagance in disbursements, but by the advance in the cost of transportation, labor and supplies. These things LIFE cannot change, much as it would like to.

On the brighter side of the account we have the happiness of reporting, as usual, that during the season there have been no broken bones, no accidents, no sickness, no doctor and no professional nurse at the Farm.

This year there have been entertained many more crippled children than usual, meaning those using iron braces, crutches and plaster casts. These and others from the hospitals, clinics and the Board of Health have all shown marked improvement as a result of their stay at the Farm. Since the Fund was started we have entertained 37,778 child guests for a fortnight each. This year the generosity of LIFE's readers has enabled us to give two weeks' happiness to 1,011 children.

The following is the annual statement:

INCOME	
Balance forward from 1914	\$928.54
Contributions	6,595.32
Marion Story Fund..	210.60
Interest	236.48
	<hr/>
	\$7,970.94

DISBURSEMENTS	
Help	\$2,407.99
Transportation	874.81
Food and supplies....	2,222.51
Repairs	53.00
Miscellaneous expenses	960.96
Reserve fund.....	513.75
	<hr/>
Balance	\$937.92
Season opened.....	June 29
Season closed.....	Sept. 7
Children entertained.....	1,011
Average cost per child.....	\$6.44



MENTAL RESERVE

English Version

LITTLE Orphant Belgium's come to our house to stay,
— pray — shout
But the Zeppelins will get you if you don't watch out.

The Turks Make a Record

THE Turks must have been worried for fear the Germans were making a reputation greater than theirs for ferocious cruelties. Some of the German exploits in Belgium and northern France were hard to beat, but the Turks have beaten them. Their exterminating warfare on the Armenians, under the patronage and protection of the Kaiser, seems to have broken all the records of the war.

The stories we get are astounding. A year ago they would have been incredible. A year ago a mere approach to such horrors as the Turks have accomplished in Armenia would have sent a British fleet scudding eastward in the Mediterranean. But now England is busy, and the Turks are operating under cover of the Kaiser. There will be talk in Parliament, but Parliament has its hands full already.

Will anything be said in Congress?

If any monster had the human race outside of the Western Hemisphere by the throat and was proceeding to extinguish it, would anything be said in Congress?

It seems as if we Americans ought to be more in the world or further out of it. There are drawbacks to this living on the outskirt, where we get all the European and Asiatic news promptly and fully, and are restrained by our tradition from doing anything about it.

Comstock's Successor

THE successor of Anthony Comstock is John S. Sumner, a lawyer, the son of an American rear-admiral and presumably an educated man.

His picture has been published, and the looks of him give good hope that he will be equal to the judicious discharge of the duties of a hard place. The job calls for courage, diligence and understanding. Comstock had the courage and the diligence, but his understanding was not always equal to his task.

FOOTBALL TERM
PASSING THE BAWL



HINTS ON ENTERTAINING

"MY DEAR, HERE IS MR. DUBBE. HE DOESN'T DANCE EITHER, AND YOU TWO CAN HAVE A NICE LONG TALK"



*Husband: HEAVENS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE PLACE?
"OH, JACK! A MOVING-PICTURE COMPANY USED THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS TO-DAY, AND GAVE
ME FIVE DOLLARS FOR THE PRIVILEGE!"*

He Survived the Test

THE two lovers sat together with clasped hands. It was one of those solemn, tender moments in the early dusk. But at last she turned her lovely face toward him, her rich voice quivering with emotion.

"Darling," she said, "I have something I think I ought to say to you. I hesitate to mention it, because it is about horrid business."

"Say anything you please," he murmured, rapturously.

"It is about our future. This is a practical age, an age of efficiency, when each one of us is taught to look ahead with some definite plan. Psychology teaches us that love is a well-defined and often limited mental vibration, subject to inevitable laws. Science has laid bare to us the secrets of human life. Sociology has shown that we are often the distressed victims of forces beyond our control. In view of these undisputed facts, in view of the possibility which, however remote it may seem to each of us at

the present moment, I think it is my duty to ask you, in case after we are married anything should happen to draw us apart, just what regular alimony I could count upon?"

The lover at her side uttered a sigh of anguish.

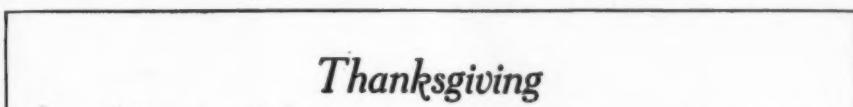
"My darling," he muttered, "I shudder when I think of such a horrible possibility. Nevertheless, I hope I am big and broad enough to appreciate thoroughly the wise and thoughtful spirit in which you have had the supreme courage to approach this question."

He turned and faced her, taking both of her beautiful hands in his.

"And so," he replied, "I shall answer you truthfully. If things get so that we cannot live together, and I am called upon for alimony, you can count upon me not to give up one red cent, even if it takes all my salary to defend myself in the courts. Before I do that I'll keep on living with you!"

She buried her head on his shoulder.

"Now I know that you love me sincerely," she whispered.



Thanksgiving

WE may be thankful first of all, this year, that we are not Germans; at least not Prussians. There will be nothing pharisaical about that sentiment. It will not be based on self-esteem or any particularly exalted opinion of our conduct or position, but simply on recognition that the Germans under Prussian guidance have come in the course of a year and a quarter to be the most feared and disliked of all the nations in the world. All peoples have their faults, and we of the United States combine the faults of many. Nevertheless, we may be thankful not to have incurred this dreadful blight of distrust and detestation which a mistaken policy long and diligently pursued has brought down upon the Germans.

We have a good many material and some political blessings to be thankful for this year. Most of us have had enough to eat and many of us have had something besides to spend for clothes, newspapers and motor-cars. Our President's health has been pretty good, and it has not been necessary as yet to call upon our Vice-President to assume the Presidential duties. Of course, we are all thankful for that. Many hearts have been gladdened, too, by the decision of our late Secretary of State that our affairs of government and international relations have reached a point where it was safe and proper for him to shift

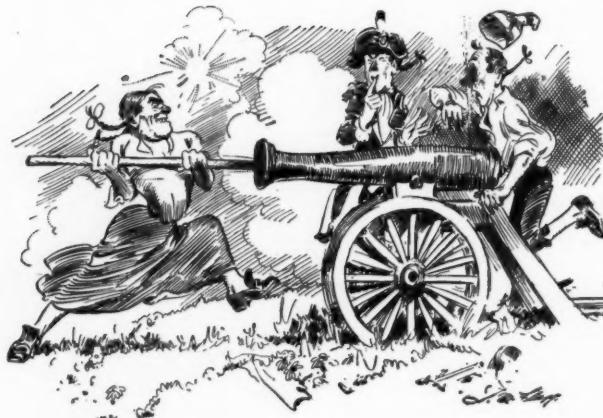
the cares of diplomacy to other shoulders and resume those exercises of popular entertainment and instruction for which he is so exceptionally fitted.

Another cheering circumstance is the increase of public interest bordering on anxiety in the efficiency of our navy. Even the Secretary of the Navy seems now to share this timely concern, and to be diverting his abilities from pedagogy and teetotalism to submarines and torpedoes.

We may be thankful for the weather we have had this year—that there was no more of it; for the crops, which seem to have been unusually abundant, even in Wall Street; for the Hon. Frank Walsh and his Industrial Commission, which ministered so bountifully to our nose for news; for Henry Ford—that we can ride in his excellent cheap vehicles without obligation to approve or use his other cheap ideas.

Whether we can be thankful for any spiritual improvement or advance in national reputation seems debatable. While our most important neighbors have all been fighting for their lives, we have kept out of war and made some money—not so much as usual, but a good deal. They are worried and distressful; their young men have been killed by the hundred thousand, their hospitals are choked with wounded, and the maimed abound in their streets. We are not dead, we

PAUL GOULD

Critical Moments in American History

A REAL DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION

are not maimed, we are not burning up the accumulated wealth of generations in labors and instruments of destruction.

From so impressive an escape from calamity, of course, we must be thankful; and yet not too thankful until we have seen the end. The final upshot of our luck depends upon what we do with it. "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked," and it did not go well with him. Our harrowed brethren are going through a time of direful trial, out of which presumably they will finally get a benefit. When things cannot well be worse they get better. When things cannot be better, they get worse. Affairs might be better with us than they are, and perhaps we should be thankful for that, but as compared with our neighbors we are almost ominously prospered, and have need to remember Jeshurun and mind our ways.

E. S. Martin.

Imaginary Conversations

HOW is your new auto, old fellow?"

"Don't mention it."

"What's the matter?"

"Most unsatisfactory thing I ever saw. Won't climb hills, burns up all the gas in the world, and in fact works so poorly that I'm ashamed to show it to anybody."

"Never mind. It isn't your fault."

"Ah! That's the saddest part. It is my fault. I was warned not to get it. I have only myself to blame."



COLUMBUS MAKES AN OMELET IN THE GENTLEMAN'S HAT



MR. DANIEL BOONE KILLS TWO AT ONE TIME

Going to Stuff Him

LAST reports at this writing representing the King of Greece as ill and confined to his room are satisfactory as far as they go, but neglect to advise us as to the condition of the Queen.

Her Majesty seems able to be out in all weathers, and out invariably for Brother William and the Fatherland.

It is understood that if anything irreparable befalls Constantine he is to be stuffed, and that business is to go on just as usual under the highly competent direction that has been so effective hitherto.

Nevertheless, two things are still possible; the worm may turn or the Greeks may get up and tread on him.

Accurately Descriptive
THE Springfield Republican speaks of Henry Ford as "the man who put the mob in automobile."

How I Starved on Four Hundred a Year

I AM a married man, with a wife and seven children, and make four hundred dollars a year. Fortunately, we own the house, so there is no rent to pay. Thinking that others may benefit by my experience in starving, I am induced to dictate this to my stenographer.

Once a month we have meat. I go to a reliable butcher, and he selects a piece of meat from which all nourishment has been extracted, and it will surprise many of my readers to know how cheap it can be obtained with a little fore-thought. All the other meals we starve on what is left over from the previous ones. Some people have done this occasionally, but we do it all the time, thereby enabling us to spend nearly all of our income on useless things. Here is our total expense for the year:

Meat	\$1
Movies	300
Carfare	50
Auto	49
<hr/>	
Total	\$400

Anyone can starve if they like on four hundred dollars a year. My wife joins me in hoping our example will be a benefit to all.

Tum and Tum-tum

WHEN Tumulty announced that he would vote for woman suffrage in New Jersey, Washington jumped to the conclusion that his employer would do the same. Otherwise the announcement was received without agitation.

"WHAT has he been doing since he graduated from college?"

"He has been trying to find out what he learned."



THE HESSIANS LEAVE NEW JERSEY



WHEN "THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE"

The Importunate Stranger

COMMON PEOPLE was sitting one day in his modest little mortgaged cottage absorbed in the batting averages and the pictorial series in the daily column section when the Government of the United States shambled up and knocked at the door.

"Who are you," asked the Common People, as he looked up crossly, "and what the devil do you want?"

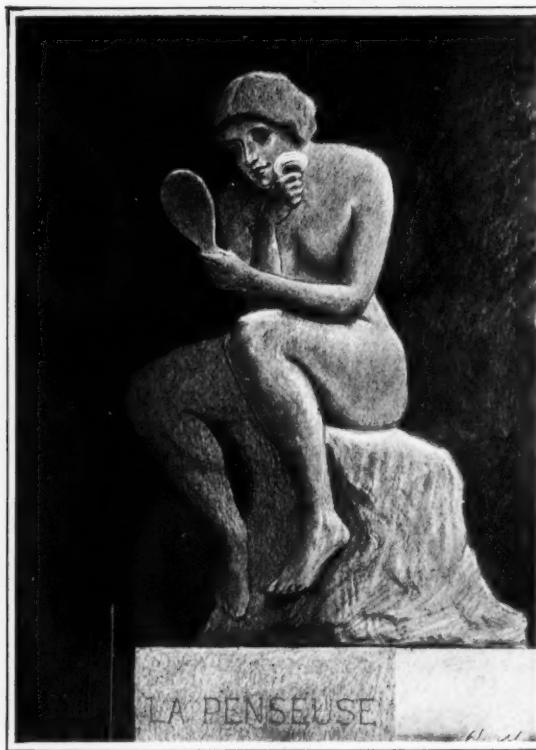
"I want help," said the Government of the United States, "and God knows I need it. My army and navy uniforms are out at the knees; indeed, they never were any better than hand-me-downs, anyway. I have terrible legal pains up and down my back. I can't sleep for woman suffrage. I'm afflicted by congressional cancer, and have politician's knee. I never know where I stand, nobody tells me, and it takes all I make to keep in fake remedies."

"What are you coming around here bothering me for?" said Common People. "I've got troubles enough of my own. My Ford isn't running well, and the movies this week were punk, and my wife spends most of her time at the department stores. Get out!"

BROWN: "I should think doctors would be even more tyrannical and autocratic than they are."

SMITH: "Why so?"

BROWN: "Because all their dealings are with people who are in no condition to fight back."



MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S ART
THE THINKERETTE

A Lesson

MADAM WALL STREET met the Slums. "You're looking fine," said the Slums, concealing her own weariness.

"Thanks," said Madam Wall Street. "I am feeling very well. Since I had my last panic I have been taking good care of myself. It has made me realize my responsibility."

"You have them about every seven years, don't you?" asked the Slums deferentially.

"I did at one time, but during the last two attacks they had a consultation of eminent physicians, and they have done wonders for me. As far back as 1873, when I was suffering severe pains, they gave me a couple of doses of clearing-house certificates. Now, however, they've found a better remedy—emergency currency. I really feel like another woman. Of course I have my ups and downs. How are you?"

The Slums wasn't used to dilating upon her own condition, and found it somewhat difficult to express herself.

"I'm fairly well," she said, "but I have a great deal of trouble taking care of the children. Somehow they don't get the right things to eat. I have to work pretty hard, I guess, and I never seem to get caught up. I was just

thinking about the panics you have had. I don't want to complain, but what you have only in a panic—well, that's what I have all the time. You see, it seizes you for a few days suddenly, but with me—that's the way it is with me always. I get used to it, I suppose."

"Mercy!" said Madam Wall Street. "How terrible!"

"I wonder," said the Slums timidly, "if I applied to your physicians whether they would relieve me with some of that emergency currency."

Madam Wall Street turned red with anger as she gave the signal to start up the car.

"Certainly not!" she replied severely.

"That is a special remedy prepared for me because of my importance to the country. Naturally they can't treat everybody. Home, William."

When they had crossed the deadline she said to the chauffeur:

"William, never drive that way again. That's what one gets from trying to be civil to one's inferiors."

"Shall I call up your physicians and warn them, madam?" asked the chauffeur.

"No, William. It will not be necessary. They wouldn't treat her, anyway."

A Really Critical Moment

FIRST SURGEON: I'm really too busy to operate on him. But I suppose I ought to.

SECOND SURGEON: Is it necessary?

FIRST SURGEON: Well, no, but I don't want to establish a precedent.



"NOW REMEMBER, CHILDREN, TAKE THE PIECE NEAREST TO YOU"

"MAMA, CAN I CHANGE PLACES WITH GERTIE?"



AMONG THOSE PRESENT

The Check Suit

By Richard Dark

FOR a very long time I had kept it stowed away in a bottom drawer. It was on my Uncle William's advice that I had acquired it as part of my honeymoon outfit. He even went so far as to choose the pattern for me himself. "There are two essential ingredients in a honeymoon," he told me; "one is a sea view, which I always recommend as a sedative; the other is a very loud suit of tweeds, the reason for which you will discover later on." Looking back, I have often wondered what entitled my uncle to pose as an authority on the subject, for so far as any of us know he personally has never been married. In any case, during ten years I never wore the suit more than once, and then only for a few minutes.

On my appearing in it on the fifth day after our wedding my wife for the first time put her foot down and refused to accompany me outside our private apartments. It was in vain that I remonstrated. I must choose, she said, between her and my check suit. I pointed out very gently and reasonably that it had cost £4 10s., but she countered by throwing her arms round my neck and demanding with tears if I really loved her. To this there was, of course, but one reply, and when a little later we wandered down to the shore together I was attired in my usual morning flannels.

On our return to civilization one of the first persons I met was my Uncle William. He looked at me searchingly.

"Well," he said.

"Well?" I replied a little defiantly. Something in his manner made me feel rather uncomfortable.

"Did you wear them?" he asked.

"Wear what?"

"The tweeds."

"Not often," I confessed. "We found—I mean, I found that I didn't care very much for them after all."

"Poor boy, poor boy!" he murmured, and, shaking his head sadly, he turned and walked away.

For several years my wife and I have lived happily together. Married men may be divided into two classes—those who have and those who have not discovered how to manage their wives. You may recognize the former class by their general air of contentment and well-being and by their steadily increasing physical circumference. Methods of management vary. Among certain savage tribes I believe the use of the cudgel is much in vogue, while even in our own country recourse was frequently had, in the good old days, to the ducking-stool. From such aids to harmony, however, the modern Englishman is debarred. He has accordingly to resort to other means of securing the desired end. Now I am not, I trust, a vain man. I may or I may not be possessed of rather more than an average share of mental acumen; it is not for me to say. But at any rate I have always prided myself on what I may call my intuitive grasp of a situation, and at a very early stage of our married career I decided, calmly and deliberately, that the best way of managing my wife was to agree with her whenever it was humanly possible to do so, and sometimes when it was not. It has proved an excellent policy in every way.

When the war broke out it soon became apparent to us that we must economize. Personally, I was inclined to think that a start might be made by reducing our staff of servants from two to one, but my wife said this would merely swell the numbers of the unemployed, so we began by changing my season ticket from a second to a third and by discontinuing my subscription to the local golf club. I also sold my motor bicycle, an obvious luxury. In the spring my wife broached the question of dress. "There is no doubt about it," she said, "that the ordinary man spends far too much on his clothes. I have been thinking that this year, instead of buying a new suit for the city, you

might wear out those tweeds you got when we were married."

I confess I was a little stunned. As I said before, the suit had not been even originally of my own choosing, and while its exuberant pattern might ten years ago have been not altogether out of keeping with the wild honeymoon scenery of North Wales, I felt that as the every-day attire of a sober business man in his forty-second year it would probably attract unfavorable comment.

"Why not sell it?" I suggested.

"My dear Horace," said my wife, "what do you suppose they would give you for it?"

The suit had to be altered before I could get into it, but a week later I wore it to the city under a mackintosh. On my arrival at the office I encountered the chief, looking very depressed. Since the outbreak of hostilities things had been going badly with the firm in which I have hopes of securing a junior partnership, and our country orders in particular had dwindled to an alarming extent. As his eye fell on me it brightened perceptibly.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "Have we had a victory?"

"Not that I am aware of," I replied.

"What does this mean, then?" he asked, pointing a little rudely, as I thought, at my suit.

I explained. He looked at me thoughtfully for a moment or two, then took me into his private room and rang the bell.

"Has Mr. Jones left for Bristol?" he asked when the boy appeared. Jones is our west of England traveler.

"No, sir."

"Ask him to see me at once."

When Jones entered the chief informed him that his services as a traveler would for the present be no longer required, but he offered him work on the clerical staff at an equal salary. Jones, who has been with us for several years, appeared slightly puzzled by the decision, but finally he acquiesced and left the room.



"Now then," said the chief, "you've got just twenty minutes to catch the Bristol train."

"Do you really think it is advisable?" I ventured to ask, in considerable surprise.

"If I didn't, I shouldn't have suggested it. That suit of yours is wasted in this office, but as the dress of a traveler at the present crisis it is a stroke of genius. If anything can restore the confidence of our wavering customers, it will do so. Go forth, my boy, and rake the orders in."

I telegraphed to my wife and went. The results were surprising. Personally I dislike the work of a commercial traveler, since railway journeys upset my liver. But wherever I appeared my check suit triumphed. Within a

fortnight I had not only recovered the allegiance of our former customers, but had also opened substantial accounts with a considerable number of fresh firms. Finally I returned to headquarters, a little worn and jaded and a good deal thinner, but with the consciousness of having scored a remarkable success. The chief fell on my neck and blessed me. "You have saved the ship," he said fervently. "Now be off with you and take a fortnight's holiday. But leave your checks here; I must have them cut down for Jones."

"But I haven't got a change," I objected.

"Oh, I've thought of that." He rang the bell. "Bring in the clothes I ordered for Mr. Smith."

Within five minutes I was once more

attired in garments in which, though they would doubtless require some alteration, it was possible to breathe the air of self-respect. A little later I left the office with a check for £50 in my pocket. The window of the chief's private room looks upon the street. As I passed it I saw him reverently folding up the check suit and bestowing it within a large sheet of brown paper. I pitied Jones.

FRIEND: What are you thankful for this year, Uncle Rastus?

UNCLE RASTUS: Well, suh, on de wealth side Ah am thankful foh de things Ah've got, an' on de health side Ah am thankful foh de things Ah haven't got.

A Call for Super-Women

"MARRIAGE," says Mrs. Emily James Putnam, "should not be allowed to interfere with any woman's life work. It should simply be a means to an end for the wife as it is for her husband."

To be sure. It should facilitate a woman's life work. The main end to which marriage is a means is children. To raise some children, if possible, and raise them well, is incomparably the most important work that falls to most women. It is a long, difficult, engrossing job, that is bound, while it lasts, to crowd any other employment the mother undertakes.

Mrs. Putnam must know that. She is an able woman, educated in a high degree (like Muldoon in the song), was dean of Barnard College for six years, and married at thirty-four. She must know most of what is knowledge. She made a speech at Vassar on its fiftieth anniversary, and it was there that she told the girls that they must not let marriage interfere with their life work. But she said:

Every girl should be trained in a profession and carry it through to a successful conclusion. Women have a big two-fold task—their homes and their life work. To do both well is a big, worthy job for any woman, and that's the secret of women's "Equal Rights" millennium. Suffrage will only prove a fool's paradise if women fail to equip themselves for a worthy place in the new democracy.

Elsewhere she says:

There must be a radical change in the modern woman's ideas of life before the world will see the great things from its women folks that it has the right to expect. One basic fact must be observed. Girls must improve their health. They must be able to meet men on their own ground, and they can't do this unless they have stronger bodies.

Mrs. Putnam is quite right. If the girls are to shoulder two great employments and carry them through, they must be lots stronger than the general run of girls that we have



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER

Eve: YOU MAY NOT LIKE MY APPLE PIE, BUT I'M THANKFUL YOU CAN'T BRAG ABOUT THE KIND YOUR MOTHER USED TO MAKE

been able so far to produce. They must be at least twice as strong as the men. If a woman is to do a woman's work of housekeeping, child-bearing and child-raising, contribute to make life tolerable to a husband, carry a profession through to a successful conclusion and be able to meet men on their own ground, she must indeed have a stronger body than is furnished her at present. It would be a help if she could have two bodies, one to furnish energy for her "life work," the other to meet the demands of her domestic life. Polygamy might furnish a solution of that sort, but it is bad form, and our women would not approve it.

There are women, like Mrs. Trollope and Mrs. Stowe, who have been able to do two sets of things successfully, but they were very exceptional women. All women are doubtless entitled to a vocation and an avocation, and in the later years of life women have, or should have, plenty of leisure, and are much better off if they have had training enough to do something worth while with it. But on the younger women contemporary feminist and suffragist aspirations tend to make demands that are beyond human strength as developed at present. To wreck life by overloading it in youth is dreadful. Mrs. Putnam and all wise women must see the danger of it.

E. S. Martin.

A Modern Fine Art

PROFESSORS of English composition who wish to drill their students in the fine art of saying nothing impressively should not overlook the financial columns of our daily newspapers, especially the weekly reviews. There has never been anything quite like these since the fall of man. Just why they are written it would be most difficult to say, for they furnish neither information nor diversion. But the fact remains that they are written in great abundance and printed with great solemnity beneath stirring head-lines, cunningly devised to make the unwary reader think that something important is coming.

As a case in point, here is part of such a head-line from a recent issue of the *Globe*:

THE RECOIL WILL COME WHEN THE MARKETS GET SUFFICIENTLY OVERBOUGHT—NO SIGNS THAT THIS STAGE IS IMMEDIATELY AT HAND, ALTHOUGH THE BULL CAMPAIGN IS BEING OVERTONE IN CERTAIN QUARTERS.

Translating this head-line, we find it says that stocks will go down when they quit going up. Then it says that there are no signs that this point has been reached, except that there are signs in certain quarters. But how about the "certain quarters"? Which are they? That part of the head-line at least promises something definite. If the worthy financial writer can furnish information like that perhaps the space devoted to him will not have been in vain. But, alas, a reading of the two solid columns under this head reveals no further clue to these "certain quarters." It was merely a phrase for head-line purposes, a trap to induce the gentle reader to waste his time.

We have no wish to interfere with the income of these frenzied financial scribblers, but it is impossible to quench the hope that they will ultimately abandon their evil ways and turn their talents to some more useful endeavor.



"ARTHUR SAYS WHEN HE IS AT YOUR HOUSE HE ACTS JUST LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY"
"YES, HE SEEMS TO BE JUST AS MUCH AFRAID OF MY WIFE AS I AM"



NOVEMBER 4, 1915

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 66
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NEW JERSEY went against suffrage nearly three to two, and will have to endure man votes for five years more unless Congress takes pity on her. But Congress won't do that; not, at least, with the approval of our present President.

It is better so, even for the suffragists, whose attention may be diverted at any time to much solemn issues than votes for women. "Shall we continue to discuss domestic concerns," says the *Tribune*, "when the whole world is aflame and our very proximity carries peril?"

Let us not continue any more than we can help. For our part we are, perhaps, blamefully loath to discuss anything but the great war and our adjustment to it, and its possible consequences. To talk unnecessarily about anything else seems a sort of profanation of a sacred season. Everywhere, here as in the other countries, there is a vast amount of vital reconstruction just ahead. We don't know where we are; we are going to find out; and when we do we shall be in a better position to judge whether various novelties, including women's votes, are likely to help our case.

Possibly we shall know better where we are when we have heard out the coming discussion between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan about increasing our military and naval forces. The President, one reads, will insist in his next message to Congress upon a practical consideration of the question of national defence. He is un-

derstood to have approved army and navy budgets providing for an increase of one hundred and forty millions over last year's appropriations, and he is expected to ask Congress for this money and to expound the need of it. He wants this provision to be made, not sometime, but now. A year ago or thereabouts he took this whole matter under advisement and made recommendations in a message. Nothing was done about it. A year is enough for the country to think such a matter over in. This time he wants something done.

Mr. Bryan is flatly opposed to any such increase. It is inspired, he insists, by the measureless cupidity of the munition makers. He says in the *Commoner*:

No time is to be lost; immediate action is necessary. Congress will soon meet, and when it meets this issue will confront it. Write to your Congressman; write to both your Senators. Tell them that this nation does not need burglar's tools unless it intends to make burglary its business; it should not be a pistol-toting nation unless it is going to adopt a pistol-toter's ideas.

Here is the basis for a new line-up. The prospect seems to be that the Democrats in Congress will go by a very large majority with the President, and will pass army and navy bills that will satisfy him. But if Mr. Bryan is able to muster any considerable opposition it may lead to a very interesting split in the Democratic party and later to rival definitions of Democratic doctrine in various particulars by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan, which may next year affect many votes, both for nomination and election. A great number of Wilson Democrats

think Mr. Bryan the most dangerous influence in public life. They want to be quit of his domination finally and completely, and they will welcome a division in Congress which will show just how much political influence he has left.



THE land is full of voters who in this world-crisis want this country to discharge its full duty to humanity. They don't know clearly what that duty is, but they are ready to back whatever leader has the power and the spirit to fulfill that desire. President Wilson, and no one else, has the power and will continue to have it for a year and four months longer. We cannot waste any of that time. We cannot wait until after another election to learn what is the feeling of the country and to organize it for possible action. When Congress meets we must find out where we are; find out who is for the United States and humanity; who is ready to organize, arm and prepare, and who is for a pacifistic inaction. We must also find out who is for America first and who for Germany first.

President Wilson has the people with him far more than any other leader. His administration is for the most part satisfactory to most of the people. He called the other day for a line-up of all America-first Americans. He has come out in favor of an increase in military preparation, and it is evident that he is not in the least in awe of our Germany-first voters. In all measures for national protection and assertion he will be entitled to the support of every one in Congress who believes in national protection. Party lines are very much blurred just now, anyway. In this matter of putting the country into a position to meet any duty there should be no party lines, and probably there will be none. If the President will put his foot on the hard pedal and strike the right note, Progressives, Republicans and hard-shell Democrats will all come running to the standard of the United States for Humanity.

Apparently he is prepared to do that



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

very thing. No one can accuse him to advantage of wanting to get us into war, for he has hugged peace right along, not so tight as he gets credit for, but, certainly, tight enough. If he calls for large military and naval appropriations nobody can raise a scare of militarism at his expense, for if he has a fault in that direction it is that he has delayed his call overlong. If the pacifists in Congress attempt to talk an army bill to death or to pieces, as they probably will, we shall see how many pacifists there are in Congress and whom they represent, and we shall also see who is for the pork-barrel and who for the United States. There is a prospect that within the next four months we shall learn a great deal about the temper and sentiments of the American people, and to persons who believe that our nation is sound at heart it is a cheering prospect.



WE shall want to hear what George McClellan, apologist for Germany in Belgium, has to say in justi-

fication of the execution of Miss Cavell, the English nurse. Disapprobation of the German conduct in shooting her because she had helped Belgian and English fugitives to escape from Brussels has been very emphatic. Col. McClellan may point out that she broke the German rules and that her life was forfeit under German military law. He may feel that, though she was not in the ordinary sense a spy, she deserved or had lawfully incurred what she got.

It is possible to go a point farther and hold that, considering what hands she was in, Miss Cavell got off easy. She was shot; that was all; an honorable death. Scores of Belgian women have been shot; hundreds of women, both in Belgium and France, have suffered far worse than that, and as for the Armenian women, we all know what the Kaiser's allies have done to them, not merely by the hundred or the score, but by the hundred thousand. To shoot an Englishwoman for breaking German war-rules is the worst that Germans dare at present to do openly in Brussels. What they do in secret Heaven knows, but their public military conduct, as General Joffre has pointed out, is much improved since the battle of the Marne

warned them that they might have to make an accounting for their actions.



WE are all ready now to have General Carranza disappoint expectations and demonstrate capacity to bring order out of the chaos in Mexico. He has got his chance; the best Washington could give him. He is having the assistance of our government at present, in the hope that he will succeed. If he does succeed, all right. If not, then perhaps Mexico will receive our assistance. Things are not as they were. Bryan is out of the State Department and fooling seems to be about over.

Of capacity in any quarter to bring order out of the chaos of Europe there is as yet no sign. It is still "bubble, bubble, care and trouble" with that great chaldrone. The news we get suffices amply for the usual crop of daily head-lines, but since the Balkans became the important news-source news is more unreliable than ever. But nobody is beaten yet, not even Servia.

Harold and His Pa

HAROLD tiptoed in and closed the door, though why he practised this superfluous deception he could not have told.

"Now that ma has gone out, father," he said, "I want you to tell me some more about the woman-suffrage question. You know that's one of the things they don't dare talk about in school, because the teacher says we must be neutral in all things."

Harold's father moved uneasily, rustling his paper.

"I suppose you are sure your mother has gone out, Harold," he said, trying to convey the impression that this was a matter of extraordinary indifference.

"Yes, father—the coast is clear. You can go as far as you like."

"Hum. Well then, Harold, I will explain this whole matter in a few words. Let me begin at the beginning and ask you what great power it is that makes the machinery of government move in a democracy like ours."

"Why, father, the power of the people, isn't it?"

"Harold, you have a remarkable mental grasp for one of your age, and I doubt if you get it from your mother, either. Suppose we change your answer to the voting power; more nearly correct. This voting power is what determines the course of things. No stream is greater than its source; no government is greater than its voting power. Do you get me?—I mean, do you follow me? Never use slang, Harold. It's immoral."

"Yes, father, I get—I mean follow you."

"Well then, you must be willing to admit that among all the voters the most intelligent men are in the minority."

"And what is a minority?"

"It's the very few, the select few. For instance, I am in a minority in this family. The minority—the very few like myself—are the most highly intelligent. In a democracy the majority rules. The result is that the government is determined by the unintelligent."

"I see, father. That's why you would say that mother rules you. She is the



THE LESSON IN DEPORTMENT

unintelligent majority and you are the intelligent minority. You have no show!"

"Harold! Never use slang. You should properly say that I have no control over the machinery of home government, because I belong to the highly intelligent minority."

"But, father, why don't you do something about it? I should think if the intelligent few want to rule, and there was no other way to do it, they would try to become more unintelligent so they could get in the game—excuse me, so they could be the same as the others, and then they could rule."

"Impossible, my boy! How could I, for example, be more unintelligent than I am now?"

"That's so, father. That's what I heard mother say."

"Hum! Well, to proceed, Harold, to the heart of the argument, when you interrupted me—"

"Please, father, one moment. I have a grand idea which I read about, or somebody told me. It's called—oh! proportional something, whatever that is. And they do it in some places. Here is what they do: One man who knows more than another man, or is worth more money, has two votes to the other man's one. And still another man has three votes. Why couldn't we do that?"

"My dear boy, I will explain why. The majority wouldn't permit it. They would always vote against it."

"But, father, they do it in other things. I heard you complaining that you paid more income tax than other men because you had more. That system isn't fair."

"No, my boy, quite true. You are so bright that I don't need to explain that, but let us get back to the main point. You see, our system is bad enough as it is now. What your mother and all hysterical and misguided women like her are trying to do is to make it worse by increasing the number of unintelligent voters and making the proportion between them and the intelligent few even greater than it is now."

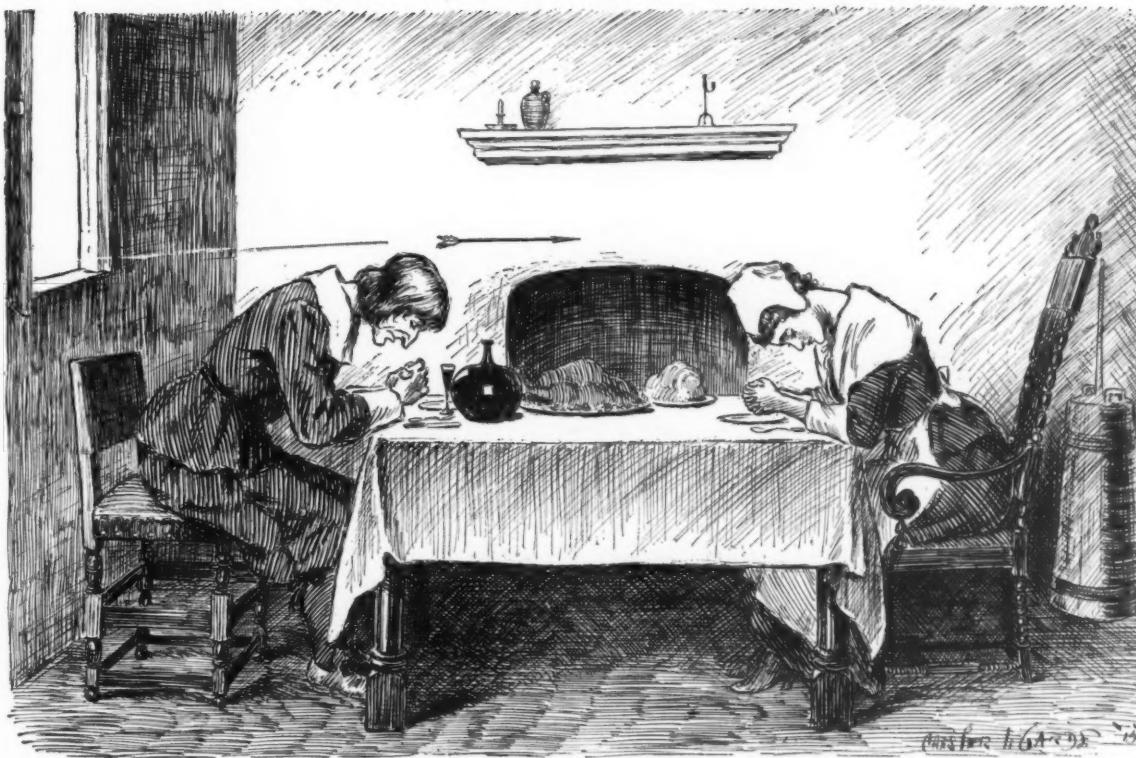
"But mother says she knows more than you, father. She says what you don't know about politics would make a big book."

Harold's father grasped him by the arm.

"And do you believe her?" he asked, firmly.

"No, father, of course not; I—er—I thought I heard the door open—"

"Do you believe, my boy," said Harold's father in a loud, unyielding voice, "that a woman has no right? Never believe that! Now run and play, as I must clean my golf clubs."



A SAVING GRACE

Hearstile Desperation

It is idle to speculate as to the condition of Allied courage and will, but if these endure, German defeat and a peace made by Germany's conquerors can hardly be postponed beyond the end of 1916."

—*New York Tribune*.

THAT is Mr. Simonds's opinion, no doubt, and as good an opinion as is anywhere offered. If the Allies hold together for six months more, he says, the fate of Germany will be settled.

So the Hearst papers are working overtime in assaults on the Allies' nerves. For example, William Bayard Hale's piece about "U. S. Dollars for Russia's Bottomless Pit," in the *Evening Journal* of October 11th. He argues against the credit to the Allies on the ground that it is a loan to Russia and the Germans are already in possession of Russia's best assets.

Odd that Hearst should be pro-German; and yet not so very odd, because the strength of Hearst, like the strength of Bernard Shaw, lies in opposition to what most decent people want. As an opponent he is (moderately) interesting. As a supporter he is a mere embarrassment.

It isn't quite true, as Hale says, that a loan to England and France is a loan to Russia, and of course Germany's temporary possession of Russian assets counts for little. The war is not over yet, and Russia has not yet got through with Germany.

Turning the Tables

BROWN: There is one thing I dread when women get control of things.

SMITH: What's that?

BROWN: The great flood of father-in-law jokes.



WHAT JOHNNY DREAMED THE NIGHT
AFTER HIS THANKSGIVING DINNER

LIFE



PAUL STAHR

LIFE



When the Country Mouse came to see the Town Mouse.



LIFE'S SHORT STORY CONTEST

The contest closed on October 4th. So many thousands of manuscripts have been received, each one necessitating a careful reading, that our friends are invited to exercise all due patience. We shall continue to publish the stories accepted each week in this department until all the manuscripts have been passed upon; and as soon thereafter as possible the prizes will be awarded.

Tomaso and Me

By Graham Clark

I CAN'T talk good American way. In the carpet factory where I worked the Polacks, Sheenies and Wops talked any old way, and I learnt to say American like them. But maybe I talk good enough to tell about Tomaso and me.

Tomaso comed from Italy. For that the peoples in this country calls him a Wop. I comed from Albania. Never did my father lets a Wop come to our house, for most Albanese hates the Wops. But first day I seen Tomaso I stopped hating all the Wops. He comed to work in the factory, setting patterns like me. His eyes looked big and soft like our little dog's. His voice was like the big strings on my father's harp when he pulls his fingers over them gentle like. He was like American fellas—tall with a nice head. His neck, where the hair comed down black and shiny, was like a young girl's.

When I first seen Tomaso he was nineteen. But some ways I was an old woman, for the hunger that pulls your waist in tight and the cold that makes your blood black comed many times to me—comed many times to my bunch, for in our house was many kids, and my father couldn't makes enough money to buy plenty of food. So I went to work in the factory before the law lets me. The superintendent fixed it so I got the job all right. I said I was older than I was.

Always I thought about the bunch at home, till I seen Tomaso. Then I thought in my mind of him—and me. One day, soon after Tomaso comed to the factory, my mother said to me: "Maria, you're big enough to marry. In the old country you would have a husband. Your father will go to Brooklyn and tell your aunt to gets you a husband. In Brooklyn there's plenty of Albanese. You will marry one of your own peoples."

I said no word back. In my mind I was thinking I would marry only Tomaso. On Sunday my father went to Brooklyn to speak with my aunt for a husband for me. We lived in New Jersey, in an old shack like a pig's. Dirt and bad smell was everywhere. Always I wanted to live American way; but how could we

get clean with nanny-goats and chickens coming in the house like peoples?

Two weeks, and my aunt comed from Brooklyn with a guy. He looked like a rat. His hair was thin like lace, and you could see the yellow skin in spots, greasy like. He was just as high as my little brother Stephano, fourteen. And he was twenty-five!

"Here's Dimiter," my aunt said. "He's a nice fella. He drives a team for Brooklyn and gets good money. His father has a house in the old country. Each year he'll send Dimiter wine and oil."

My father gave Dimiter his hand to kiss. My mother said he was better than us, Albanese way. I said no word. At dinner my father said: "Maria, you are engage to Dimiter. He will be my son. I'll give him one hundred dollars and kill the old nanny-goat for the wedding. All the Albanese and some of the Wops and Polacks will come and make presents."

In my mind I was asking, "Where will you gets the hundred dollars?" I looked at Dimiter. He showed all crooked teeth when he laughed. In my mind I was thinking I would likes to spit in his face. To my mother I said: "I am too young to marry. Wait a year."

"A year!" My mother hollered and hit the table. "A fella don't wants a girl if she's old. You'll marry Dimiter now."

Something inside me got hard like a stone. I hated my mother—the whole bunch. Why should I marry the rat? Why shouldn't I pick my own fella, American way?"

"When will I come to marry?" Dimiter asked my father.

My father said: "Sunday we'll speak to the priest. Next Sunday will be the wedding."

Up I jumps. Two weeks and me married to the rat? What about Tomaso? Two days ago he had walked with me from the factory. At the bridge we stopped. "You're my little sweetheart," Tomaso said, soft like. His eyes was shiny like dew. I got red as a pepper and runned away. But in my mind I was thinking I loved Tomaso. Sure, I would

not tell my father, for the Albanese hates the Wops.

So I remembered Tomaso's eyes and voice. And I said: "I won't marry this guy." My father's shoulders went up high. My mother got mad like diavolo. The rat was yellow like sick. My aunt said: "Maria's just a young girl. Give her time for thinking over."

"No thinking over," my father hollered. "I give Dimiter my daughter. Two weeks will be the wedding."

My mother laughed with her tongue out, Albanese way. More than ever she looked like our old nanny-goat. I stood higher than her and said to her face: "If I am a little girl I will stay home with the other kids and my father to feed me. If I am a woman and works for the bunch I will find my own fella, American way."

My father made to hit me, but I runned upstairs and shut the door hard. My aunt and the rat went away. All day I put nothing in my mouth. I said no word.

Next day I set the patterns wrong. The boss swearred. In the evening Tomaso walked with me. "Why are you to cry?" he asked. His voice was like all his peoples was dead. I told him about the rat. He put his head high and his eyes looked like two pieces of fire in the dark. His lips got tight over his teeth and I seen him make hard fists.

Then he comed close. His arm was by my arm. In my mind I said I would like to put my head on his shoulder and my lips to his lips. But Albanese girls don't do that way till they're married.

"I hates Albanese! I hates Italians! I hates the old country!" said Tomaso. His voice was like a knife. "They makes their girls to marry any old guy. I likes American way—a fella and a girl to love and then marry, and other peoples stay out of it."

"I will do American way," I said. Tomaso's hair rubbed my cheek; I got warm and happy. Only Tomaso and me. Just us in the world.

"And I will do American way," Tomaso said in my hair. It was dark, but I seen his face, warm like the sunshine. Before I knewed, Tomaso's lips held mine tight. Sure, it was wicked. Don't the priest tell you so? But how could I help it? Tomaso was so strong—and we loved together.

"We'll get married American way," Tomaso said, soft like. His face was like fur on my face. "I have two hundred dollars from my last job. My father

is not a poor man, and I am his only child. Shall it be that way, my sweet-heart?"

Sure, there was a big scrap at our shack next day when I runned off with a Wop. But Tomaso and me should worry! We got married American way. I stopped the factory and made my house nice. One month married, and comed my father and mother to see me.

The Impulsive Mr. Jiggs

By Roger Brown

MARATHON JIGGS approached the day-clerk. "Is Mr. George Jones here?" he inquired.

"He is registered here, but he's out at present," replied the clerk. "Would you like to leave any message?"

"Thank you, I believe I will," said Jiggs, reaching for the hotel stationery. He hastily scribbled a note, left it, sans envelope, at the desk and took his departure.

About an hour later a large, overbearing woman of the super-dreadnought type steamed majestically to the desk, a small and timid-looking individual in her wake. After taking the mail that had accumulated in the box she stalked imposingly to the elevator, accompanied by the timid person, who, by his conduct, appeared to be her husband.

When the couple got to their room Mrs. George Jones sat down and scanned the family mail. As she read, the color flooded her expansive face like a sunset, then receded, leaving her chalky white with rage. Her unfortunate spouse cowered in a corner.

Rising to her feet in all the majesty of her five-feet-eleven, she thrust a note into Jones's hand. "Read that!" she commanded hoarsely.

With amazement and fear alternately expressed in his weak countenance, Jones read the following:

DEAR GEORGE:

Why don't you let me know when you get to town? I expected you yesterday. Call me up, the same old number, and we will have a time to-night.

Yours as ever,

MARY.

"You roué!" stormed Mrs. Jones. "I shall institute divorce proceedings immediately. To think you have been leading a double life! You may expect a visit

"Ta, like Americanos!" my mother said. But she didn't laugh with her tongue out. She wanted to be good. I was her first child. My father gived his hand for me to kiss. "Bless my daughter," he said. Then he gived his hand for Tomaso to kiss, and made tears to run out of his eyes. Then he borrow ten dollars from Tomaso and everything got all right.

from my lawyer!" The door slammed behind her as Jones sank dazedly into a chair.

As she flounced out the door of the hotel Marathon Jiggs again came to the desk. "Did Mr. Jones get my note?" he asked.

"No, but his wife did," replied the clerk.

"His wife?" came in a gasp from Jiggs. "His wife? Who—let me see the register, please."

He hastily scanned the list of guests until he came to Jones's name. "'Mr. George K. Jones and wife, Chicago, Illinois,'" he read incredulously, "and I thought it was George H. Jones of Pittsburgh. What if his wife—I must see him immediately." And he hurried to the elevator.

As Jones sat in his room, bewildered at the events of the past hour, a knock startled him out of his reverie. "Come in!" he called uneasily, expecting his wife's lawyer to appear. The sight of the homely but benevolent face of Jiggs was a distinct relief.

"My name is Jiggs," stated the caller—"Marathon Jiggs, nicknamed 'Mary' at the university. I left a note for a friend of mine whom I thought was staying here, named George H. Jones. I understand that your wife got it by mistake. It is quite possible that she read it and misunderstood the matter; therefore I have come to clear it up, if such is the case, and exonerate you."

Jones drew up a chair. "Sit down," he said, "and we will talk this over. My wife has just gone out to see a lawyer about a divorce. You have already done me one favor; now what," taking out a checkbook, "will you take to keep quiet about the facts?"

His Journey's End

By Ruth Sterry

FOG enfolded the city in a drenching white veil. It clung to the windows of the Palace Hotel and shut out the

light from the bedroom in which a man sat earnestly penning a letter. It seemed to make an effort at entrance as though

it would blot from the paper the words he wrote.

"Palace Hotel,
Wednesday morning.

DEAR MISS ARLISS [he wrote]:

It seems strange to call you that when I am about to ask you to be my wife. Yet what can I do when I have seen you only once?

You surely remember, do you not, that one day when you and I met and were held prisoners by the train wreck in the San Joaquin valley you said I might call on you when I returned to San Francisco after my trip to the Orient? But you could not have dreamed what your permission meant to the lonely, business-bound coffee merchant who long ago, in the poisonous lands of South America, had shut his heart to women's smiles and had turned deaf ears to the music of their voices.

Nor can I ever hope to make you understand what it meant during the long journeying that followed the wreck. The memory of you with your cheerfulness, your undaunted smile in all the hardship of that wreck, has brought new life to me.

For eight months I have dreamed of you day and night. During that time I have not once lost the picture of heated desert waste, the ugly wreckage of the train, the groaning, weeping people—and you, a girl with tender eyes, a smile of sympathy for the unluckiest devil, and ready resourcefulness to ease pain that would have done credit to an army nurse. I have dreamed of you in my home—awaiting my coming with your radiant smile.

And so, unable to come to you in simple friendship, I thought it best to write first and explain. I wanted to come with your permission granted after you knew that I love you—I love you. I like to write the words. I want you for my wife.

I stopped on my way from the station to buy all the flowers I could find to send with this note. I chose spring blossoms because they are so much like you.

I am waiting with mad impatience for your answer. Do not regard my love lightly. It springs from the unspent passions, the unfulfilled ideals of a lifetime. Oh, my dear, speed your answer back to me. Say I may come to you—now.

Yours to eternity,
JOHN MARBLE."

It was three o'clock in the afternoon before the fog lifted. It vanished before the piercing rays of the bright spring

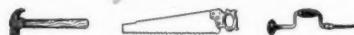
(Continued on page 878)



A Little Bit of All Sorts



IF twinkling toes were an inspiration to criticism, the caustic art certainly should thrive in New York. The proportion of energy expended on girl-and-music shows compared with the amount devoted to those of purely dramatic intent is so great that the theatrical reviewer who wishes to serve his readers is often tempted to wonder whether his early education shouldn't have been directed principally to anatomy and hosiery. Even in this province of stage art criticism has its value, as is shown by the fact that the *Sun* comments on the Winter Garden show (reprinted in last week's *LIFE*) caused Mayor Mitchel to take action which is said to have materially improved the character of that entertainment.



THE carpentered drama has two good expositions in "Abe and Mawruss" and "Our Mrs. McChesney." The former is built to continue the vogue of the cloak-and-suit trade partners, Potash and Perlmutter, and the latter to give theatrical life to the plucky female drummer introduced to the public in literary form by the stories of Edna Ferber. They are not so much plays, in the way of telling connected stories, as character studies and episodes strung together to amuse. They are, in fact, vaudeville sketches, amplified to fill an evening and dignified into plays by being divided into acts. Considering the nature of the material from which they are derived, it is remarkable that the dramatic authors could give the stories any continuity whatever. The lack of plot in both cases makes the interest flag before the final curtain.

"Abe and Mawruss" loses a good part of the interest that attached to the earlier play drawn from the Montague Glass stories, because Mr. Alex Carr, who impersonated *Perlmutter* so artistically, is absent from the present cast. Mr. Barney Bernard is still *Abe Potash*, which means, as before, a perfect stage realization of that Jewish merchant, who was evidently drawn from life. With Mr. Tannen's *Perlmutter* weakened to a supporting rôle, Abe becomes practically a star part. The many other characters that Mr. Glass picked from the cloak-and-suit trade and its connections, business, social and domestic, are all well done, and the result is an amusing and faithful study of one phase of New York life.



IN the other case Ethel Barrymore is successful in substituting her own personality for any preconceived notions one might have had of Edna Ferber's *Emma McChesney*. In the case of *Abe Potash*, perhaps Mr. Bernard has changed his own personality to fit the part no more than Ethel Barrymore has, but he had the good fortune exactly to fit the rôle as it was drawn by the author. Ethel Barrymore is delightful in her new

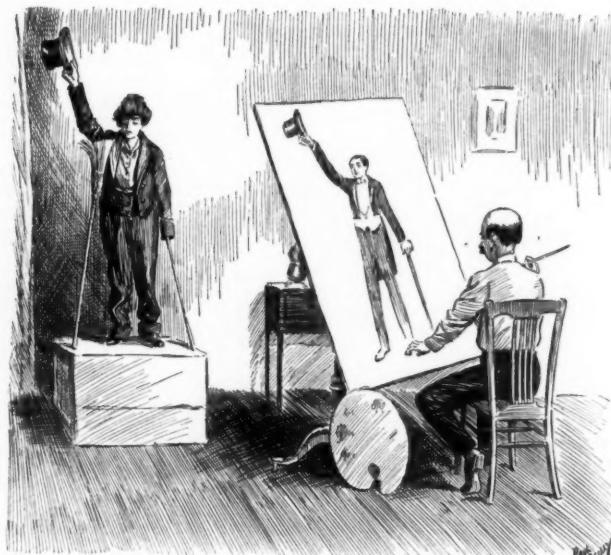
comedy rôle, and there is no doubt that she could go out on the road and sell large orders of petticoats, but it would be through her personal charm rather than through the business ability of the *Emma McChesney* of the Ferber stories. She brings out the feminine side of the character and its sense of humor, but the *Emma* of the stories was in some ways made of sterner stuff. A play or a stage character drawn from a book should be regarded absolutely and without regard to its source, and, so viewed, Ethel Barrymore's present creation shows her to better advantage than anything she has done for a long time. Comedy is her forte. The cast is good, and, in spite of the play's lack of continuity, the entertainment is highly diverting.



IT'S a pity authors and composers can't write their best things last. If Franz Lehár had given us "Alone at Last" before he wrote "The Merry Widow" it would not have had to suffer by comparison with the earlier work. Judged on its own merits, it is a delightful example of the Viennese operetta, well staged and well sung, good enough in these particulars to excuse a rather commonplace libretto.

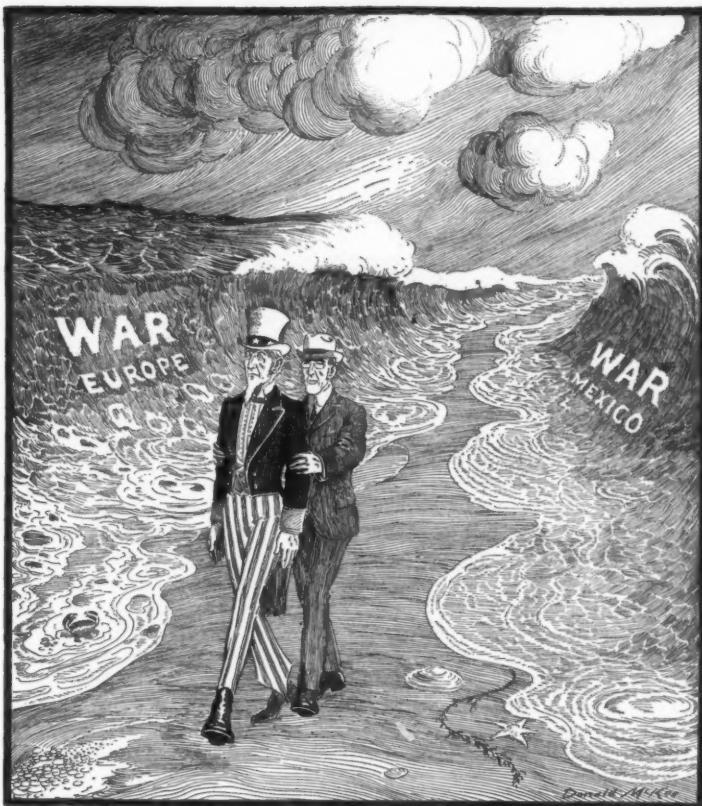


IN "Mrs. Boltay's Daughters," adapted from the Hungarian of Eugen Heltai by Marion Fairfax, there is just a suggestion of Brieux's "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," both dealing with the eternal problem in a family of sisters, but from very different points of view. The Hungarian has no message to deliver, and as a play is not important in its story or in the method of telling it. It is chosen as a vehicle to carry Rita Jolivet to stardom. While the lady has a striking personality and plays with ease and finish, there is nothing in her present impersonation of the daughter who has been the support of her family through her relations with an admirer to justify her new professional eminence. In fact, the perfor-



UNSUNG HEROINES

THE WIFE OF A FRUGAL FASHION ARTIST



THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA

mance of Antoinette Walker in the rôle of the heroine's phenomenally ingénue younger sister, made quite as deep an impression on the audience.

"Mrs. Boltay's Daughters" is well staged, but as a play it seems a rather negative proposition without real reason for existence in these strenuous times.



THERE'S nothing negative about "The Mark of the Beast," by Georgia Earle and Fanny Cannon. It is a positive and double-barreled argument in favor of forgiving the erring wife, double-barreled because in the play are two erring wives and husbands who forgive them. There's no setting forth of the double-standard injustice, but a purely feminine plea that just because a wife makes one misstep, for the reason that her husband does not neglect his business to look after her amusements, he should forgive her and take pains to provide her amusements himself instead of letting

someone else. This seems to be based on the same legal principle that allows a dog one bite before he's considered a dangerous animal.

Metcalf.



Astor.—"Hit-the-Trail Holliday," by Mr. George M. Cohan and others. Humorous treatment of religious and prohibition revival methods, with the inspiration derived from the career and technique of Billy Sunday.

Bandbox.—The Washington Square Players. An interesting experiment in co-operative management with four playlets done in an original way by company of semi-amateurs.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Cleverly staged and admirably acted comedy based on the methods of some medical practitioners.

Booth.—Mr. E. H. Sothern in "The Two Virtues," by Alfred Sutro. Not important but witty comedy of English life very agreeably presented.

Candler.—"The House of Glass," by Max Marcin. Drama of police and criminal complications, well acted and telling an absorbing story.

Casino.—"The Blue Paradise." The best of the Viennese operettas done here for a long time.

Century.—Mr. Ned Wayburn's "Town Topics." Big and diverting girl-and-music

show, with special attention paid to the attractiveness of the young persons of the chorus.

Comedy.—Rita Jolivet in "Mrs. Boltay's Daughters." See above.

Cort.—"The Princess Pat," by Messrs. Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. Agreeable and amusing comic operetta, well rendered and thoroughly American in presentation.

Eltinge.—"Fair and Warmer," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. Notice later.

Empire.—Mr. William Gillette reappearing in his former successes.

Forty-fourth Street.—Closed.

Forty-eighth Street.—Julia Arthur in "The Eternal Magdalene," by Mr. Robert McLaughlin. Notice later.

Fulton.—"Sherman Was Right," by Mr. Frank Mandel. Notice later.

Gaiety.—"Young America." Diverting and well-done but sketchy little comedy dealing with the trials and tribulations of a boy and his dog.

Globe.—"Chin-Chin." Messrs. Montgomery and Stone, always funny in their perennial and elaborately presented musical extravaganza, "Chin-Chin."

Harris.—"Rolling Stones." The careers and final success of two youthful adventurers amusingly recorded in comedy drama.

Hippodrome.—"Hip-Hip-Hooray." Spectacle, ballet, expert skating and vaudeville features combined in one big show.

Hudson.—"Under Fire." The present war inspiring a drama in which the trenches and the hospital are used to good effect. Interesting and well done.

Knickerbocker.—Moving-picture plays prettily done, with well-known actors in the leading rôles.

Liberty.—"The Birth of a Nation." The biggest and most impressive of the American moving-picture dramas. Deals in spectacular fashion with the reign of terror under the Ku Klux Klan and other episodes that marked the close of the Civil War.

Little.—Closed.

Longacre.—"The Girl Who Smiles." Comic operetta of the Viennese type, although ostensibly from the French and German. Well done.

Lyceum.—Ethel Barrymore in a dramatization of some of the Edna Ferber episodes in the life of a business woman under the title "Our Mrs. McChesney." See above.

Lytic.—"Abe and Mawruss," by Montague Glass and Roi Cooper Megrue. See above.

Manhattan Opera House.—The Boston Opera Company in repertory of grand operas, with Pavlova ballets. Notice later.

Punch and Judy.—Closed.

Republic.—"Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinkead, Jane Cowl and Messrs. John Mason and Russ Whyall the principal members of a company giving a fine performance of an interesting drama with the unjust law of sex as its theme.

Marine Elliott's.—"Quinneys," by Mr. H. A. Vachell. Charming comedy, with its background the domestic and business side of the trade in antiques as carried on in England. Well interpreted by company of British actors.

Playhouse.—Grace George in Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea." Very clever American comedy, excellently acted and with a most congenial part for the star.

Princess.—Mr. George Nash in "The Mark of the Beast," by Georgia Earle and Fanny Cannon. See above.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Unchastened Woman," by Mr. Louis Anspracher. Stagey but interesting drama, well done by good company headed by Emily Stevens and Mr. Reeves-Smith.

Vitagraph.—"The Battle Cry of Peace." Moving-picture argument showing graphically what might happen to us if we fail to take steps to defend ourselves against invasion by a foreign enemy.

Winter Garden.—"The World of Pleasure." Typical Winter Garden show, whose early offenses against modesty are reported to have been corrected by the authorities.



"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER, WERE T'OTHER DEAR CHARMER AWAY!"



FAME AND MERIT ARE UNLIKE



WHO'LL BUY?



WIRELESS PHONE TO HONOLULU

F. T. RICHARD



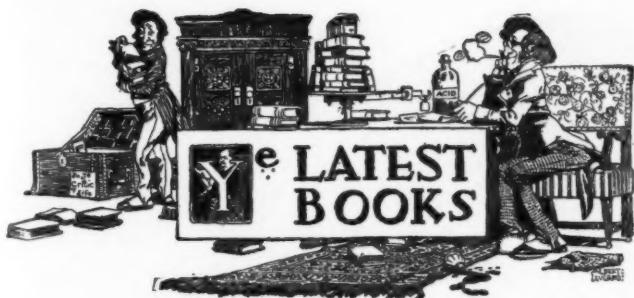
THE PRIZE WINNER.



HARVARD MAY HAVE A CHAIR OF PLUMBING.



HIS 62nd BIRTHDAY



TO finish reading Sinclair Lewis's clean, fog-free, followed-through story of young America, "The Trail of the Hawk" (Harper, \$1.35), on the very evening when the Red Sox have won the fourth straight game and the world's title from the Phillies makes it very hard not to speak of young Lewis's having swung at a bit of life that cut the plate just in front of his nose and rapped out a three-bagger. The book—Mr. Lewis's second novel—is a complete surprise. For from the author of "Our Mr. Wren" one had hoped for happy whimsicality, but had rather dreaded Locke-ishness. But here, in this crisp, colloquial, truth-enjoying, plot-despising story of a young Minnesota-Norwegian-American (the hyphens are mine) we have a first-hand report of life—a youthful but virile study of youth and virility.

LITERARY gourmets are hereby notified that a new and enjoyably Sidgwick novel by Ethel Sidgwick is out. Incidentally, epicures who have not yet sampled Miss Sidgwick's work are advised to do so without further postponement. Her stuff is deceptive at first; still and pale like good Rhenish. But one soon discerns the flavor of it and gets, chapter by chapter, the heady certainty of its having been pressed from the authentic grapes of human living. The new book is called "Duke Jones" (Small, Maynard, \$1.35) and gives us the story-portrait of an "among those present" sort of chap who meets the heroine on her honeymoon and gets drawn, through her and her husband's friendliness, into the intricate affairs of their family connection. The inner quality of Jones himself and the viridical variousness of the book's many characters are brought out with all the deft effectiveness of Miss Sidgwick's apparent indirection.

THIS paragraph begs leave to introduce to you a new publisher as well as a new book—Mr. Alfred A. Knopf, who is proposing to specialize in Russian and other translations and whose books may be known at any range up to a thousand yards by the brilliant blue of their paper jackets. One of Mr. Knopf's first publications is a new, good-looking and serviceable edition of Prince Kropotkin's fine lectures on Russian literary history and characteristics, delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston, in 1901, and now long and undeservedly (for these literary commentaries are not only informing, they are actually human) out of print. "Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature" (Knopf, \$1.50) the book is called.

ANOTHER new edition—a simple, dignified, comforting piece of book-making—is of Havelock Ellis's "Affirmations" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.75). Ellis published these essays—the book contains papers upon Nietzsche, Zola, Huysmans, Cassanova and St. Francis of Assisi—in 1897, a time

when little was known of some of these men in England, when some of them still lived, and when Ellis was himself little known or looked upon with virtuous horror as a sort of moral Bob Ingersoll. In consequence the book was little read at the time, and now that the value of the running comment upon life, morals, art and honesty that accompanies these biographical sketches has been brought home to us, the sketches themselves are in some respects out-dated. But there is free gold for the panning in the book.

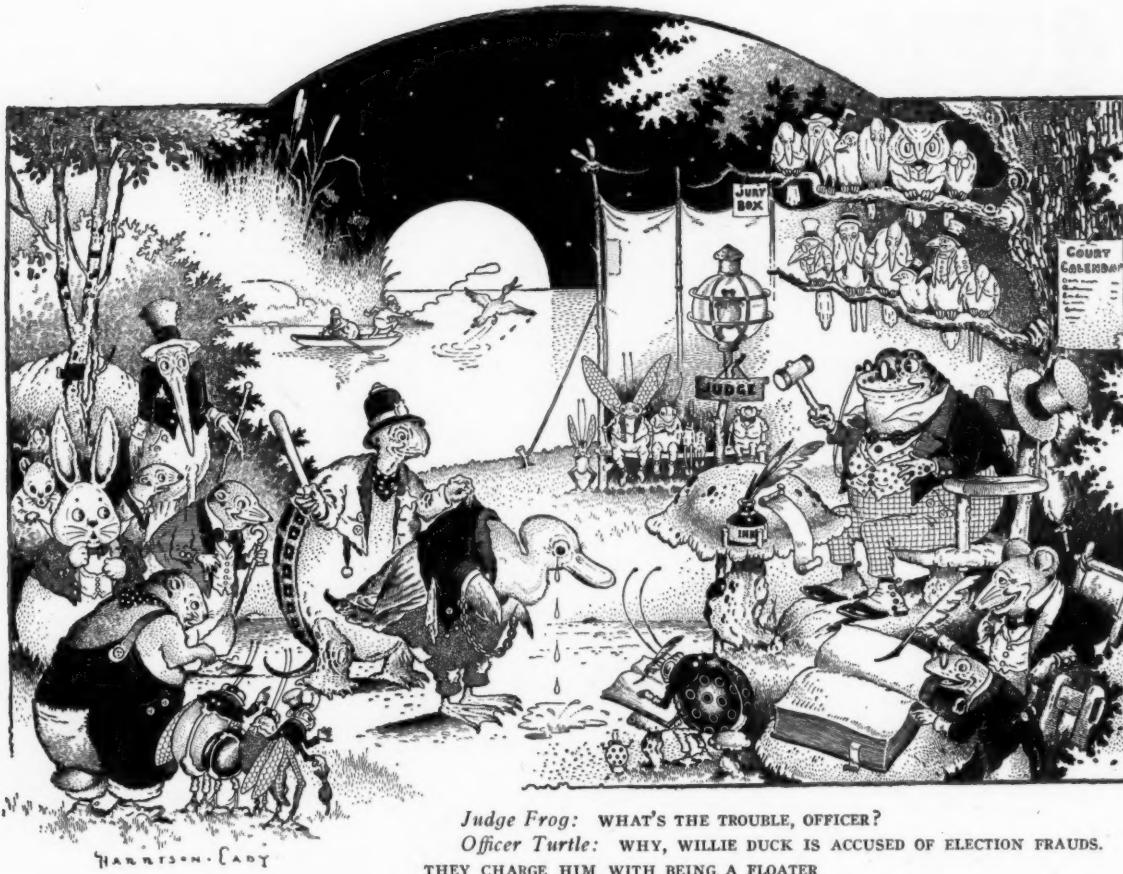
LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE has come back to the verbal movies in his new novel "Nobody" (Doran, \$1.25). What are the verbal movies? Stories (reeled off with a frenetic film-like flicker) in which just as much happens as possible and just as little comment is made as may be. Mr. Vance made his first hit—"The Brass Bowl"—as a verbal movie writer. That was about the time that De Morgan's "Joseph Vance" came out, and for a time things were very mixed. The highbrows couldn't understand De Morgan's masterpiece being a best seller. The movie public thought "De Morgan" was an unsuccessful early work by their favorite. Later on Mr. Vance risked his standing by writing a couple of real novels himself. But no one will remember that when they have once followed his new movie-heroine down the wrong scuttle into "Nobody's" adventures.

ANY one who cares, for a change, to try a well-made Arctic sauce with his love interest will find it in Edwin Balmer's "A Wild Goose Chase" (Duffield, \$1.25). This is the story of a rescue expedition, organized by a wealthy suitor of the heroine in the hope of dispelling her changeless trueness to a four-year-lost explorer-lover whom she had met a few weeks before he set out for the pole. Its love interest is canned. But its action in the Arctic is fresh-killed, its polar ice is not artificial and its Esquimaux have some flavor.

J. B. Kerfoot.



AERONAUTIC
"TRYING FOR A HIGHER ALTITUDE"



So Be Thankful

ALTHOUGH business may have been bad with you all year—

Although you may have had to spend half your time in the hospital—

Although your insurance policy may have expired the day before the place burned—

Although you may have had to pay for the notes you endorsed for a friend—

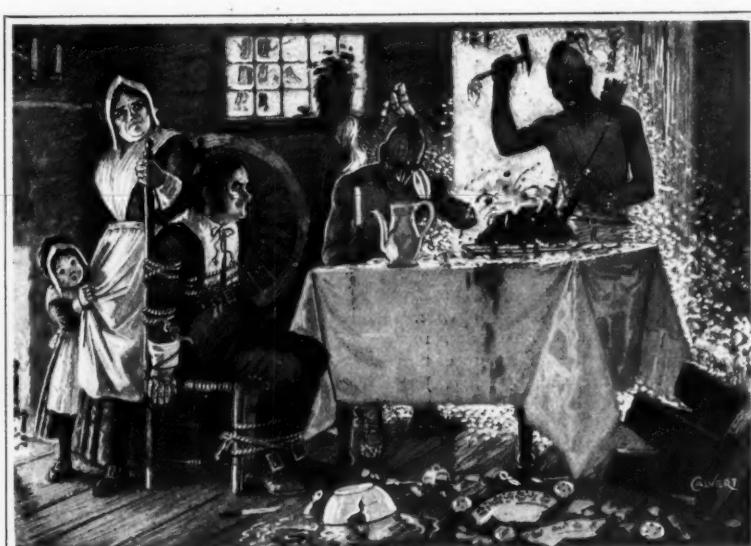
Although your pocket may have been picked, your hair may be falling and you may have developed chronic asthma—

Still be thankful—

The crop of Ford stories appears to be decreasing.

SHES an old-fashioned girl, isn't she?"

"Dear me, yes! She had on a frock at least six months old."



Optimist: THANK GOODNESS, I WON'T HAVE TO CARVE THAT TURKEY, ANYWAY

An Unusual Trip

BY W. W. WASHBURN

I HAVE friends who travel a great deal more than I, but who have apparently no greater number of friends than I possess, yet they tell me it is very seldom they take a long trip without meeting some friend on the train, while I, as a rule, never meet a friend while journeying.

The other day while making a hurried trip west I met with an exception to my usual experience; and what a wonderful exception it was! The fact is, I cannot help telling about it.

I had no more than boarded the train when I met my old friend Hollister of Kansas City. Way back in 1890 we were interested together in the elevator business. When I sold my stock to Hollister it was after a long period of worry for both of us. Business had been bad and the going to the wall of one of the largest banks of the state of Missouri made us financially and in every other way very shaky. I was none too well, but Hollister was "all in," as is the saying. He was unable to think, he could not sleep, he was nervous, he had brain fag, he could not digest his food; there was not a function he could perform with any satisfaction or success; no doubt he believed that he was losing his mind. I, in my own heart, believed that Hollister was slowly dying. I was not alone in this belief that he could not live another three months.

When, therefore, I met him the other day, looking better in health and better in physique—in fact, an unusually virile man as well as in a most exuberant state of mind and body, as though he had been reborn (he is past sixty years of age) I could not help asking for the secret of his renewed youth.

It took Hollister but a minute to say, "I owe my regeneration and life to Swoboda, who, through teaching me the simple principles and secret of evolution and how to use them, has recreated me in body and mind, and made me better in every way than I had ever been in my youth, and all this after I had been told by specialists that nothing could give me health."

Said Hollister, "When I think of my physician telling me to travel and to quit business, which, by the way, was going to the wall because of my inability to run it in my poor state of mind and body, and when I think of thus being practically sentenced to complete ruin, so to speak,

and when at the same time I realize my present condition of rejuvenation, I awoke to a greater and greater appreciation of Conscious Evolution and its wonderful possibilities for the human race."

He said, "Swoboda taught me not only how to rebuild myself, but also how to continue my life and evolution where nature left off. In my case, he improved upon nature, and I have since learned that he has done as much for thousands of others—men and women of every age and condition."

Continuing, Hollister said, "It was a red-letter day in my life when I heard of Swoboda from the publisher of the largest newspaper in Missouri—a friend who had learned from experience as well as from others of the wonderful success of Conscious Evolution."

As can be seen, Hollister could not say enough in praise of the renewer of his life and fortune. Naturally, I became interested, for I am getting along in years, and have, mistakenly, like most human beings, come to expect weakness as inevitable, in consequence of gaining in years.

When my friend assured me I could, through Conscious Evolution, be made young again, I indeed became interested and eager for the demonstration. I took Alois P. Swoboda's address, which, by the way, is 1388 Aeolian Building, New York City, and obtained his booklet by mail a few weeks ago. I at once started to use his method, and now can comprehend why Hollister was so enthused with delight in the new life, for I, also, am growing younger, stronger, happier, more energetic, and more virile by leaps and bounds. It is a fact that one must experience this new and better life which is produced through Conscious Evolution if one is to comprehend what is being missed without it.

When I met Hollister on the train it was an unusual trip and a wonderful day for me. It was a wonderful day for Hollister when his newspaper friend led him to Conscious Evolution, and I need but hint to the readers of LIFE—let this be a wonderful day for you. Get in touch with Swoboda, and obtain his booklet—it will cost you nothing, and may start you on the road to a new and better life. Swoboda will send this booklet to any one for the asking. I know it is his aim to help as many as possible. This booklet explains his new and unique theory of the

body and mind, and, no doubt, it will prove interesting to every one as it did to me. It gave me a better understanding of myself than I obtained from a college course. It startled, educated, and enlightened me. It explains the human body as I believe it never has been explained before. Moreover, it tells of the dangers and after-effects of exercise and of excessive deep breathing.

What Hollister said to me seemed too good to be true. What I say, no doubt, seems to be too good to be true, but Swoboda has a proposal which every one should consider and thus learn that nothing which is said about Conscious and Creative Evolution is too good to be true.

In concluding this statement I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact that I now have pleasure in work and in a strenuous life, and I whistle, hum and sing; where formerly I always wore a frown (according to the evidence of my family) I now, as my friends say, always wear a smile.



Interesting Observations

Recent observations have called attention to the fact that seven men out of every ten who weigh less than 150 pounds and who are more than 5 feet 10 inches tall have active tuberculosis in some degree. This only emphasizes the conclusions at which keen observers have arrived—that tuberculosis is much more prevalent than the human race is willing to admit. Hundreds of physicians have tuberculosis and do not suspect it. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the average layman does not know what is the cause of his languidness, depression or nervousness?

It is fortunate, however, that physicians at last are learning that the body makes its own antitoxins and serums for the express purpose of destroying germs of all character which enter or invade the organism. Physicians are learning that the body is a self-maintaining institution and that its ability to maintain itself depends upon the discipline the cells receive in harmony with the physiological limits of each individual organism. Discipline creates reactions and increases the molecular action. This means the production of greater energy and greater efficiency, mental and physiological.

*The address of Alois P. Swoboda is 1388 Aeolian Building, New York, N. Y.
Advt.*

**Taking No Chances**

"Ain't you rather young to be left in charge of a drug store?"

"Perhaps; what can I do for you?"

"Do your employers know it's dangerous to leave a mere boy like you in charge of such a place?"

"I am competent to serve you, madam."

"Don't you know you might poison some one?"

"There is no danger of that, madam; what can I do for you?"

"Think I had better go to the store down the street."

"I can serve you just as well as they can and as cheaply."

"Well, you may give me a two-cent stamp, but it doesn't look right."

—Toronto Mail and Empire.

"Your wife's dinner parties are always beautiful affairs."

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "At first people didn't seem to want to come to 'em, but I guess mebbe the high cost of living is making a difference."

—Washington Star.

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**SUSCEPTIBLE**

"HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU EVER COME TO HAVE THE GOUT?"

"DUNNO, DOC, BUT I SPOSE IT'S FROM PAINTING THOSE THANKSGIVING PICTURES."

My Love Story

A lady of sagacity and beautiful audacity once had the pertinacity to ask me, at her door:

"If I can find a minister who is not bold or sinister—why should I stay a spinster—and you a bachelore?"

It was no time for puttering or stammering or stuttering, and so I hastened, uttering as fast as I could speak:

"Had I a home Colonial, with furnishings baronial, I might feel matrimonial—but NOT on six a week."

She laughed and said quite cynical: "Well, you're the very pinnacle of everything that's finical"—but I said nothing more.

And thus we found no minister, and I moved off to Finisterre, and she is still a spinster, and I'm a bachelore.

—Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.

"WELL, how did your ticket come out in the primaries?"

"Crooked methods beat us," answered the Punkville candidate. "We were fixing to offer two dollars for votes and the other side came along offering five. It's a heavy blow to reform."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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The enthusiasm for France inspired by Lafayette is re-inspired by Perrier.

Obtainable at all high-class Hotels, Restaurants and Grocers. WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, Agents, 1158 Broadway, New York.

WHEN Pascal said that the stream is always purest at its source, he unwittingly wrote a testimonial in advance for Perrier. Every drop of sparkling Perrier Water is bottled at the gushing, bubbling Perrier Spring. And there is something irresistibly appealing to refined taste in the fact that the brilliance of Perrier is entirely a natural brilliance.

Perrier is bottled at the Springs in the South of France amidst the glorious French vineyards. There is no saltiness in Perrier, the great reason why it combines so perfectly with Wines and Spirits.

N.B.—A glass of Perrier alone or with a slice of lemon in the early morning is invaluable in gout and uric acid troubles—the bugbear of middle-age.

For a high-class High-ball — say P E R R I E R



Bubbling with its own Carbonic Gas.



This is the Picture of a Kindly Man

It is Velvet Joe, the genial philosopher of the pipe.

His outlook on life is that of a man who loves his fellows—who has faith in them—and who believes in gentle words and cheery helpfulness.

And why is Velvet Joe kindly and cheerful?

Because, to a naturally sunny disposition, he has added the wisdom and ripeness of years.

As Velvet Joe says: "Ev'rything, good or bad, gets mo' so with age. Thar ain't even no fool like an ole fool."

This is the Picture of a Kindly Tobacco

It is VELVET—the smoothest smoking tobacco.

Like Velvet Joe, it hails from Kentucky—the land of many good things—but none better than the rich Kentucky Burley, the choicest leaves of which go into the blending of VELVET.

Like Velvet Joe, VELVET tobacco owes its pleasant mellowness to the improvement that comes only with age.

For VELVET tobacco is ripened for two years, during which anything resembling "bite" is removed and the tobacco is mellowed into a fragrant, full-flavored quality that justifies its claim of "The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco."

You must have good tobacco to start with, and age to improve it and make it "mo' so."

VELVET is right tobacco to begin with and the years of ageing mature and mellow it.

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—has been awarded to VELVET "for its superior quality."*

10c Tins

5c Metal-lined Bags

One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.





The Funny Fellows

Funny people here below!
For only hear 'em cry:
"Praise God from whom all blessings
flow,
But keep your powder dry!"

We race for fame and worldly pelf
'Neath cloudless skies, or dim;
It's "Love your neighbor as yourself,
But—train your guns on him!"

Good brethren all, for peace we call—
In love we live and die.
But—"Strengthen every fort and wall,
And keep your powder dry!"

—The Editor.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

A Real Reason for Grief

"Poor Jeannette is still grieving over her husband's death."
"Yes; one would almost think he had taken his money to Heaven with him."

—Kansas City Star.

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has wanted candies for her children that she intuitively knew were pure and wholesome. Here is our new package for the kiddies of

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It is made especially to meet this want of the thoughtful mother. Box 25 cents.

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Geo. F. Webber, Mfr.,
418 Gratiot Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sailed on the Websterian

The bank cashier, disguised, was boarding the steamer with his loot when he noticed a man standing by the rail who looked like a detective.

"Do you think that when he sees me on the seas he will seize me?" he asked of his accomplice.

"I apprehend you need not apprehend that he will apprehend you," responded the other comfortingly.

—Boston Transcript.

BACARDI Makes The Perfect
Cocktail, Rickey or Highball. Try It!

The minister of a small Missouri town called the grocer on the telephone the other day and gave him the following order:

"Send a dollar's worth of meat out to my house. If there is no one at home, just poke it through the keyhole."

—Harper's Weekly.



HER HEART

"THEY THINK I'M HERE FOR LIFE"

FOWNES GLOVES

A Fownes sign on the counter of the retailer is a good sign that the gentleman behind the counter wants your "return" trade.

The glove dealer who has confidence in Fownes gloves knows from experience that Fownes gloves do not disappoint.

Your confidence is merited by that kind of a dealer.

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Full Information from



Rhymed Reviews

The Lost Prince

(By Frances Hodgson Burnett.
The Century Co.)

SAMAVIA'S hardy mountaineers
Still mourned their hero, slain or
banished,
Though full five hundred cruel years
Had passed since gallant Ivor van-
ished.

They dreamed that soon,—they knew
not when—
Perchance to-day, perchance to-mor-
row,
Their own true prince would come
again
To save the land from war and
sorrow;—

That one of Ivor's blood, unknown,
Obscurely bred and safely shielded,
Again should mount Samavia's throne
And grasp the sword his fathers
wielded.

In London, Marco Loristan
Half guessed, with boyish exaltation,
His exiled father's noble plan
For chained Samavia's liberation.

Perhaps the ancient tales were true—
The Prince should ride and God
would speed him!
He took the oath to dare and do
Whene'er his country's cause should
need him.

HOUBIGANT
QUELQUES FLEURS

Flowers in abundance—a plentiful harvest of the flowers of France—that is the impression conveyed by the odor of QUELQUES FLEURS. It is as though from these flowers had been extracted the sweetest scents and stored up in the ateliers of Houbigant, Paris, to be so delightfully presented by him in this odor—QUELQUES FLEURS.

The woman who uses QUELQUES FLEURS seems always to be standing in a world of blossoms.

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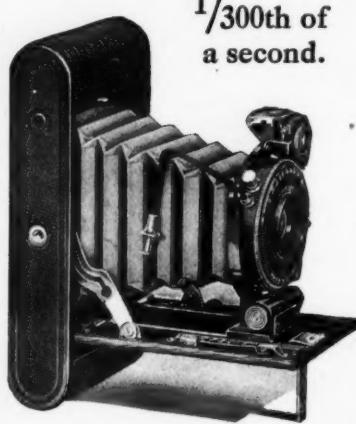
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A Disappointment; Except to Germans

GEORGE McCLELLAN has been to Belgium and made his report on it. What the Germans have done in Belgium, as elsewhere, seems to George about right.

It seems to run in the McClellan blood to disappoint expectations. But, of course, Col. McClellan must be giving full satisfaction to the Germans, and if they win they ought to save something good for him.

Form

FORM is the shape that substance assumes at somebody's will. Substance is always there, its volume the same. Form determines what it shall accomplish.

This is true mentally as well as physically. The substance of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" lies in Plutarch. Shakespeare reformed it into a masterpiece. The substance of the Brooklyn Bridge and that of St. Peter's Church in Rome were once inchoate iron and steel and mute stone. Now they both speak to the world in the inspiring vocabulary of lofty art. It is their form that tells the story. What the human mind takes in and what it gives out are the same in volume. It is the personality that reforms it. The substance of the Greeks has vanished from time, but the forms they left are imperishable. In short, it isn't what you do, but the way you do it, that counts.

(C) American Sunday Magazine.



The Most Remarkable Love Story Ever Written

THE THREE LAWS AND THE GOLDEN RULE is the sequel of "Primordial." Two young people, a girl and a boy shipwrecked in infancy on a desert island, do not meet until they are twenty years old. Previous to having met neither had ever seen a human being before. Naturally, their modes of living are extremely primitive and in this unusual story Morgan Robertson tells of their awakening to the immutable laws of Nature. It's an idyll

This is only one of thirty-five wonderful stories of Love, Adventure, Mystery and Humor in the new four-volume edition of Morgan Robertson. Today all that remains of this great American genius is a memory and the ambition of two big magazines to put Morgan Robertson in his place in American literature and to give his widow a fair return from the literary efforts of her husband—a recognition that had been denied until this plan was launched. You can help this plan of recognition. You

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—RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

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"Morgan Robertson has written some of the greatest sea stories of our generation." —GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, (Editor, Saturday Evening Post.)

"I hold a high opinion of Morgan Robertson's work. Please enter my subscription for your new edition."

—ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

"No American writer has ever written better short stories than Morgan Robertson."

—IRVIN COBB.

"His stories are bully—his sea is foamy and his men have hair on their chests."

—BOOTH TARKINGTON.

"I have always regarded Morgan Robertson as the ablest writer of sea stories in this country."—REX BEACH.

of young love. With mother instinct the girl has made a crude doll out of a piece of wood and a few rags. The man objects to this rival for her affections and his attempt to destroy the doll is their first quarrel. In the unfolding drama of their existence is focused the passions, the virtues, the joys and sorrows that have marked the race of man in his struggle from the cave days through the ages of time.

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DESIRE A CHANGE OF POSITION.

He Died Cured

THE widely heralded case of Mr. Stackpole, who recently died after being serumized for anthrax, merits our closest attention. It marks a new triumph in the domain of serumantics.

Everything the doctors could think of had been tried upon this anthrax patient, but he still lived on. Then they brought in a serum that had never before been used upon a human being. At the first dose of this serum, the anthrax grew better and the patient grew worse. At the second dose, we are solemnly assured by eminently respectable newspapers, the anthrax was cured, but the serum had so overtaxed the heart of the patient that it ceased to beat and death ensued.

The possibilities of a serum like this are almost beyond the powers of the human imagination. Suppose, for instance, the Allies should seize upon it as a new weapon of offense. If it cured the Germans as quickly and as effectively as it cured Mr. Stackpole, the war would come to an end with a most sudden abruptness.

Query

IT is much more surprising that a man of such dignified mental excellencies as Bliss Perry should have consented to let a book go out over his name with the title, "How to Know Browning," than it is that the book should be published by Bobbs-Merrill. What has Bliss Perry got to do with a title like that?

Your 32 Teeth
Are 32 Reasons
for using

Calox

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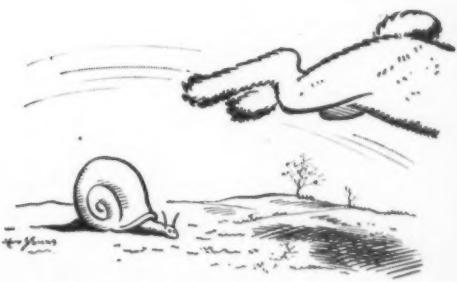


McKESSON & ROBBINS
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Progress

THE Big Brother Movement having been thoroughly tested and found successful, it was then determined to have Big Other Things. The next was the order of Big Wives, to protect little husbands.

Big Wives were instructed that whenever they saw a little husband who needed help, sympathy or encouragement, to hand it out to him. All the little husbands then got what was coming to them.



Snail: I BELIEVE IN PROGRESS, BUT...

Here are Anola Sugar Wafers—exquisite to serve with ices or beverages. Take these delectable wafered confections inter-spread with cream of chocolate sweetness. With them delight your guests at dessert-time.

In ten-cent tins

FESTINO— Almond-shaped shells enclosing a delicious almond-flavored cream filling.

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(Seal) Wm. Krone, Notary Public.

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His Journey's End

(Continued from page 863)

sun. At the windows of the Palace Hotel little rays of sunlight struck aslant the glass as though merrily demanding admission. They poured through the windows of John Marble's room and illumined his face as he, with trembling fingers, opened a note a messenger had brought. A single sunbeam fell on the paper, blurring the lines so that he shifted it to read:

"600 Pacific Avenue,
Wednesday afternoon.

MR. JOHN MARBLE,
Dear Sir:

We put your flowers on her coffin to-day. She was like the spring blossoms which she loved. They hold your letter to her buried in the depths of their bloom. She had made my life a heaven for five bright months. I am trying to bear God's will.

Her husband,
MORRISON GREY."

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Anglo-French Five Year 5% External Loan

THE JOINT AND SEVERAL OBLIGATION OF THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

DATED OCTOBER 15, 1915

DUE OCTOBER 15, 1920

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Both principal and interest payable in New York City in United States gold coin, without deduction for any present or future British or French taxes
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\$10,000 and \$50,000 and authorized multiples. Coupon and registered bonds interchangeable.

Convertible, at the option of the holder, on any date not later than April 15, 1920, or (provided that notice be given not later than April 15, 1920) at maturity, par for par, into 15-25 Year Joint and Several 4½ per cent. Bonds of the Governments of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the French Republic. Such 4½ per cent. bonds will be payable, principal and interest, in United States gold coin, in New York City, free from deduction for any present or future British or French taxes, will mature October 15, 1940, but will be redeemable, at par and accrued interest, in whole or in part, on any interest date not earlier than October 15, 1930, upon three months' notice.

A large amount of these bonds having already been withdrawn for investment, we, whose names appear below, offer, on behalf of a country-wide group of institutions and bankers, the unsold balance, subject to prior sale and change in price.

PRICE 98 AND INTEREST, YIELDING NEARLY 5% PER CENT.

Application will be made to list these bonds on the New York Stock Exchange.

Temporary bonds will be ready for delivery on or about October 29th, exchangeable for the definitive bonds when prepared.

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Thoughts of a Thinker

MARRIAGE is a sacred agreement between two people who don't know each other, to spend all the rest of their lives in doing a series of things at which neither of them has had the slightest previous experience, and all because they happen, in a world full of millions of people, to be lonesome.

Why is it necessary to build so many fine churches, furnished in the most elaborate manner, merely for the accommodation of people whose sole object is an utter disregard for the present and a concern only for the life to come?

Merely to learn the titles of all the books that are published would take up so much time as to prevent us from reading any one of them. That is the best safeguard for the old books, which have the advantage of cumulative advertising.

Those Democratic Railroads

RAILROAD shares, they tell us, are much more widely held than ever before. In 1904 twenty of the leading companies had 153,610 shareholders, while the same companies in 1914, only ten years later, had 376,897 shareholders. This, then, leaves only about ninety-nine and a half million people in this country who are not railroad shareholders, but, in view of the progress that is being made, this need not daunt us. We can soon make that up without resorting to public ownership. That is to say, by about the year 8515 A. D., if we keep on democratizing our railroads at the present rate, we ought to

have a full measure of popular ownership without having public ownership.

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Mexico
(A Popular Conception)



MEXICO is a large land lying toward the south, covered with mountains and cacti; also by roving bands of idle bandits called greasers, who spend their time in cutting one another's throats and running away from the enemy.

Mexico was at one time peopled by a race of highbrow Indians called Incas, who came from either Egypt or Siberia, and who were subdued by a man named Prescott, who afterward wrote them up in a delightful history which we have never had time to read. Afterward Prescott had the Spaniards over, and they now control the mines and railroads, except those that have been bought out by the United States and England.

Mexico has several presidents who spend their time in killing one another's relatives and succeeding one another. One of them is a man named Huerta (pronounced Werta), and he had to leave the country because President Wilson didn't like him. If we had an army of 50,000 men, we could easily conquer Mexico in six weeks, but for some strange reason President Wilson hasn't done this.

The inhabitants of Mexico who are

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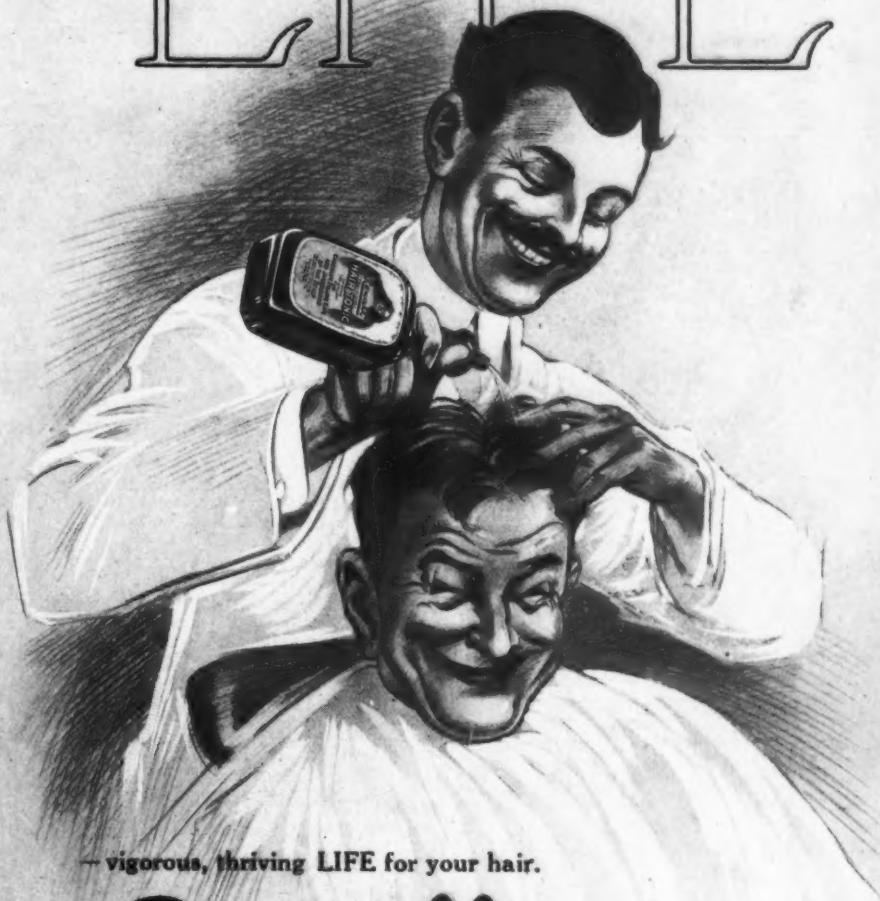


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not stabbing one another lie on the grass all day and look up at the sky and do nothing. Every Mexican wears a hat with a leather band. A Mexican dollar is worth anything you can get for it. There is also something in Mexico called a peon. It is a fruit of some sort and is very plentiful.

"HELLO, Bill! Glad to see you. I just got back from my vacation."

"Sorry, old man, I can't lend you a cent. I'm just going on mine."

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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A Doubtful Reform

THE first step in placing newspapers under government control is suggested by Mr. Talcott Williams of the Pulitzer School of Journalism, who thinks before young men are allowed to become reporters they should undergo a state examination. Under this scheme reporters, like chemists, will have to have diplomas and certificates before they are allowed to compound their news prescriptions.

Will this tend to make the newspapers more truthful? We do not know. But if it should have this tendency, ought it not to be regarded by our people with surprise and alarm? The principal mental stimulus and pleasure of millions is to surfeit themselves on news that is not so. And their appetites grow with what they feed on. If all this is to be changed, is not one of the boasted bulwarks of our civilization likely to be shattered?

1

2



© Vogue

The Winter Fashions NUMBER OF VOGUE

discusses more thoroughly than usual the complete Winter costume; showing the mode in its Winter culmination—the charming models smart couturiers evolve for their private clientele. Its pages are crowded with illustrations and descriptions of the smartest Winter gowns, suits, hats, furs, veils, and the smaller wardrobe accessories which either make or mar the finished costume.

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The Commercial Travelers Magazine

(Established 1894)

Springfield, Massachusetts

Fable

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said the conscientious one, "that I am going to marry a perfectly splendid fellow who is worth a large fortune. Though how he came to propose to me I haven't the remotest idea, as I never gave him the slightest encouragement; and the strangest part of it all is that he is the only man who has ever dared to associate with me."

"And I suppose I might as well tell you," said the frivolous girl, "that although I know hundreds of fellows and have had oodles of experience, and

they've all made no ends of love to me, not one of them has ever proposed and the probability now is that I shall die an old maid."

"I am so sorry," said the conscientious one, who was really full of the most genuine sympathy. "Can't I help you?"

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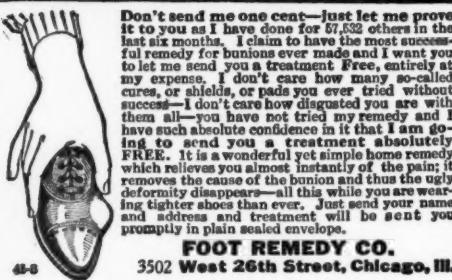
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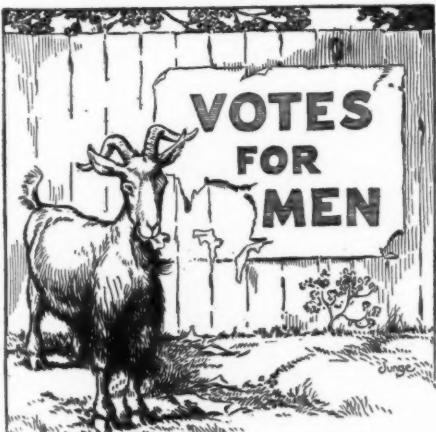
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A Forecast

Mr. Bryan says his next statement will be divided into three parts. Instinctively we recall the announcement of a mountaineer preacher who said to his flock:

"Brethren, I hev decided t' divide my sermon in three parts. Th' fust part I'll understand an' you won't. Th' second part you'll understand an' I won't. Th' third part nobdy'll understand."

—Montgomery Advertiser.



Billy, the humorous goat,
Believed that men only should vote,
"So the W-O"
Says he, "I'll just stow
Under my shaggy old coat."

Fill Them by Imagination

MRS. WILLIS: Did your church give basket dinners to the poor members on Thanksgiving?

MRS. GILLIS: Yes; but we spent so much on the baskets that we had no money left to buy things to put in them.

MRS. WILLIS: Then your work was all wasted?

MRS. GILLIS: Oh, no. We took them around to the Christian Science Church.

The UP-TO-YOU Cigarette Case

Classy, unique and thoroughly practical. Operated by one hand the forefinger of which opens the box and brings the contents

"UP-TO-YOU"

No metal springs, clamps, or pressure to crush or bruise the cigarettes.

Made of leather, inside and out. Size 3 1/2" long, weight 1 1/4. In genuine black seal or imported pigskin. Price \$1. A special one for full dress in dainty white Morocco for \$1.25. All postage paid. With your initials embossed or in gold leaf, \$2 additional.



TRADE MARK
PATENT PENDING

DEALERS Should stock the Up-to-You for their Holiday trade. Write for terms.

UP-TO-YOU Case Co., Brattleboro, Vermont

foster
your face with
a beaming
smile



Cat's Paw Heels
make life
worth while

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

Ask your dealer to put them on your new shoes—and your old ones, too.

Then they will be more comfortable—they will wear longer—and you will walk safely, with a sure-footed step.

The Foster Friction Plug positively prevents slipping on wet sidewalks, icy surfaces, or polished floors.

No holes to track mud and dirt.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind—and they are easy to find—all dealers—50 cents attached—black or tan.

Get a pair today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.



Do you have weak arches? Then you need the Foster Orthopedic Heel which gives that extra support where needed. Especially valuable to policemen, motorists, conductors, floor walkers and all who are on their feet a great deal. 75¢ attached at your dealer's—or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50c. and outline of your heel.





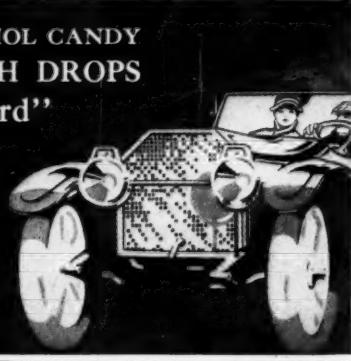
LUDEN'S MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

The Outdoors "Health Guard"

Throat and nose protection against dust or dampness. Quick relief from coughs and colds. Have many uses.

In the "yellow box"—
the world over 5c

Wm. H. Luden, Manufacturing Confectioner Reading, Pa.



The Money Master, by Gilbert Parker. (Harper & Bros. \$1.35.)

Jean of the Lazy A, by B. M. Bower. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.30.)

Poems, by Dana Burnet. (Harper & Bros. \$1.20.)

Chicky Cheep, by Grace G. Drayton. (Duffield & Co.)

When Christmas Comes Around, by Priscilla Underwood. (Duffield & Co. \$1.35.)

Blackmail, by William Timothy Call. (W. T. Call, Brooklyn, N. Y. 50 cents.)

Books Received

The Blot Book, by Budd and Richards. (New York City. 75 cents.)

The Photodrama, by William Morgan Hannon. (The Ruskin Press, New Orleans, La.)

Russia's Gift to the World, by J. W. Mackail. (Alfred A. Knopf, 220 West Forty-second Street.)

Chekhov and Other Stories, by Maxim Gorky. (Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.)

The Signal, by W. M. Garshin. (Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.35.)

The Little Angel, by L. N. Andreyev. (Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.)

Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature, by Prince Kropotkin. (Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.)

The Great Unrest, by F. E. Mills Young. (John Lane Co. \$1.30.)

Dreams and Dust, by Don Marquis. (Harper & Bros. \$1.20.)

American Diplomacy, by Carl Russell Fish. (Henry Holt & Co. \$2.75.)

The Scissors Book, by William Ludlum. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.)

In the November SCRIBNER

By E. Alexander Powell
Scenes of actual fighting.

By Edith Wharton

By Frederic C. Howe
Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York.

By Aristides E. Phoutrides and Francis P. Farquhar
The first complete account of an ascent of this famous mountain of the classics.

By Jesse Lynch Williams
A humorous comparison of city and country life.

By Ernest Peixotto
The City of Oporto, Portuguese merrymakings.

By Alice Day McLaren

The Retaking of Alsace

In the North—France

Immigration After the War

With the Gods on Mount Olympus. *With beautiful photographs.*

Back to the Town;
or The Return to Human Nature
Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

North Portugal and Its Romarias. *Illustrated by the Author.*

The Revolutions in Mexico as Seen by an American Woman

SHORT STORIES

Harlequin to the Rescue By Hugh Johnson
You will certainly enjoy Squeezles. *Illustrated by Frank Tenney Johnson.*

Undesirables By Mary Synon
A story of two women.

A Pair of Lovers. By Elsie Singmaster
A story of a little boy and a collie dog. *Illustrated by FROST.*

The Nippon Garden.
A story of Paris and Japan. *Illustrated by Franklin Booth.*
By John Seymour Wood

DIARY March 3, 1820

A pleasant evening we had, Dick and I. Not for the wealth of the Indies would I exchange the three best things I have—my old friend Dick, my good dog Prince and reliable

Old Overholt Rye
"Same for 100 years"

The friend of our forefathers and still the friend of men who appreciate a choice, delightful pure whiskey. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

A. Overholt & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.



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BRUT SPECIAL 1900
(A little dry)

SPECIAL RESERVE
(Very dry)

EXTRA DRY
(Medium dry)

The only American Champagne ever
awarded a Gold Medal (highest
honors) at Foreign Expositions



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OLDEST AND LARGEST PRODUCERS OF CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA

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Mighty as Caruso
 Brilliant as Tetrazzini
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 Sweet as Alma Gluck
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 Tender as Paderewski
 Unique as Mischa Elman
 Droll as Harry Lauder
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Victrola XVI, electric, \$250
Mahogany or oak

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

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Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the combination. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

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